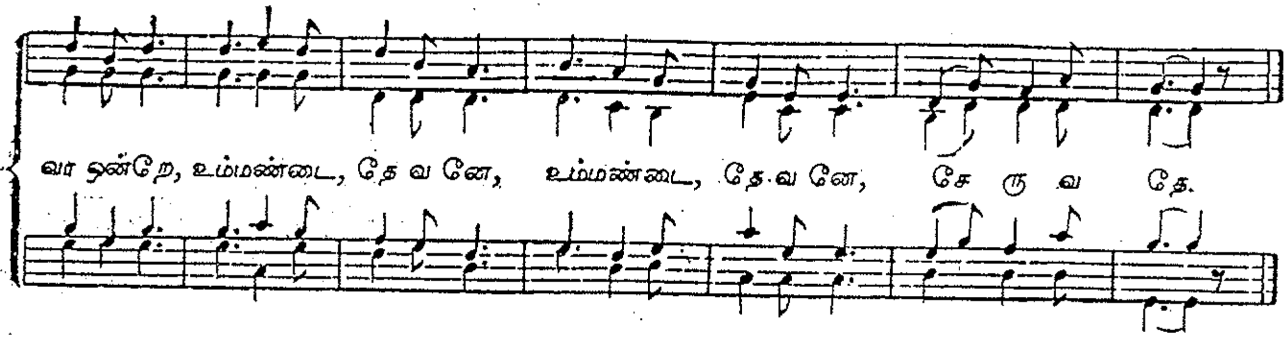
TH - 336 - contd



2. தாசன் யாக்கோபைப்போல்,
ராக்காலத்தில்
திக்கற்றுக் கல்மேல் நான்
தூங்குகையில்
என்தன் கனவிலே
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

3. நீரே நடத்திடும்
பாதை எல்லாம்
விண் எட்டும் ஏணிபோல்
விளங்குமாம்;
தூதர் அழைப்பாரே,
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

4. நான் விழித்தும்மையே
ஸ்தோத்திரிப்பேன்
என் துயர்க்கல்லை உம்
வீடாக்குவேன்:
என் துன்பத்தாலுமே
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

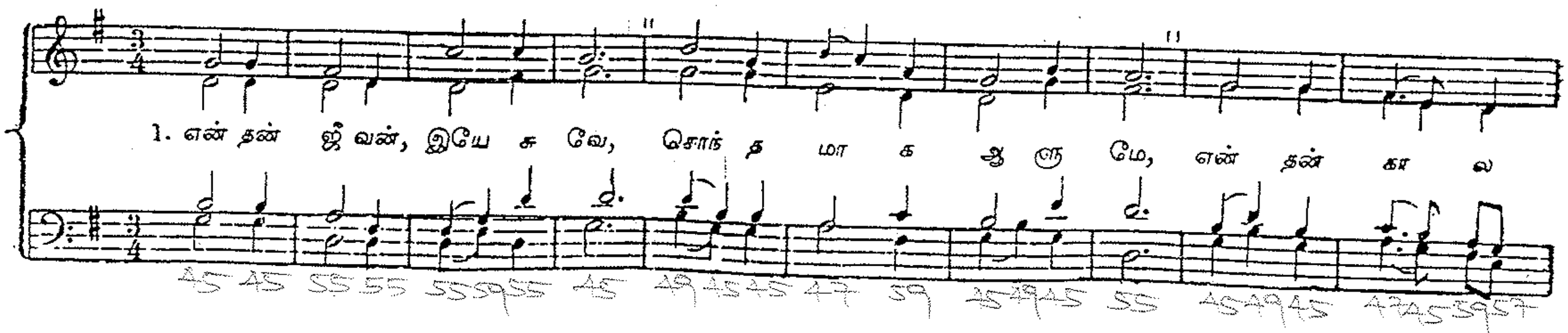
ஞானப்பாட்டு 296

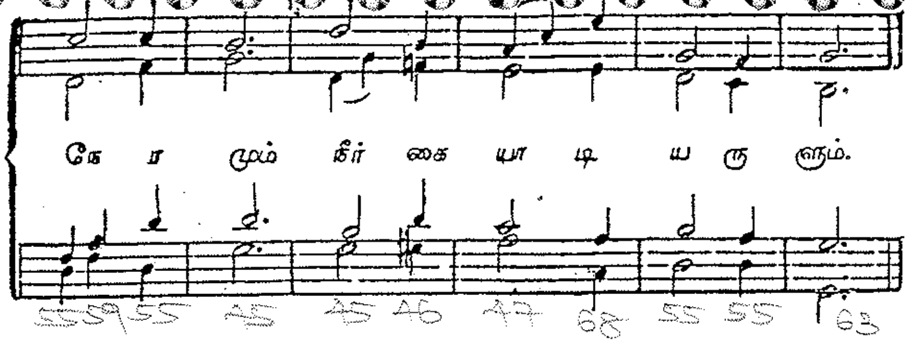
Sara Adams 1841.

TH · 302

77. Take my life and let it be எபேசியர் 6:24

7 · 7 · 7 · 7





2. என்தன் கை பேரன்பினால்
ஏவப்படவும், என் கால்
வேகமாய் உழைக்கவும்,
அழகாய் விளங்கவும்.

3. என்தன் நாவு இன்பமாய்
உம்மைப் பாடவும், என் வாய்
மீட்பின் செய்தி கூறவும்
ஏதுவாக்கியருளும்.

4. என்தன் ஆஸ்தி தேவரீர்
முற்றும் ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளுவீர்,
புத்தி கல்வி யாவையும்
சித்தம்போல் ப்ரயோகியும்.

5. என்தன் சித்தம் இயேசுவே
ஒப்புவித்து விட்டேனே;
என்தன் நெஞ்சில் தங்குவீர்,
அதை நித்தம் ஆளுவீர்.

6. திருப் பாதம் பற்றினேன்,
என்தன் நேசம் ஊற்றினேன்;
என்னையே சமூலமாய்
தத்தம் செய்தேன் உமக்காய்.

ஞானப்பாட்டு 297

Frances Havergal 1878.

78. Onward, Christian Soldiers உபாகமம் 31:6



76. Herr, wie du willst, so schicks. *(Ursprüngl: Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir.)*

Straßburg 1525.



77. Herzlich tut mich verlangen.

(Weltl. J. L. Haßler 1601) Görlitz 1613.



With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
  Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
  Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
  With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
  And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

mf Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
  Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
  To pilgrims far away!

f Upon the Rock of ages
  They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
  And thine the golden dower.

mf O sweet and blessèd country,
  The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
  That eager hearts expect!
p JESU, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with GOD the FATHER
  And SPIRIT, ever Blest.

J. M. NEALE: from the Latin of Bernard of Murles.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 769.

Hymn 228. EWING.—7 6 7 6. 7 6 7 6. A. EWING.



"And the city was pure gold."

mf JERUSALEM the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
dim Sink heart and voice opprest.
cr I know not, oh, I know not
  What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
p What bliss beyond compare.

f They stand, those halls of Sion,
  All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
  And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
  The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
p Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

mf There is the throne of David;
  And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
  The song of them that feast;
f And they, who with their Leader
  Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
p Are clad in robes of white.

mf O sweet and blessèd country,
  The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
  That eager hearts expect!
p JESU, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with GOD the FATHER
p And SPIRIT, ever Blest.

J. M. NEALE: from the Latin of Bernard of Murles.

102. Komm, Gott Schöpfer, heiliger Geist.

(Altkirchlich.) Wittenberg 1524.



103. Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott.

(Altdeutsch?) Wittenberg 1524.



Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 436. GLORIA.—8 7 8 7 . 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*) H. SMART.



Hymn 436. DEERHURST.—8 7 8 7 . 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*) J. LANGRAN.



No. 608. (N. H. 30) Take Time to be Holy.

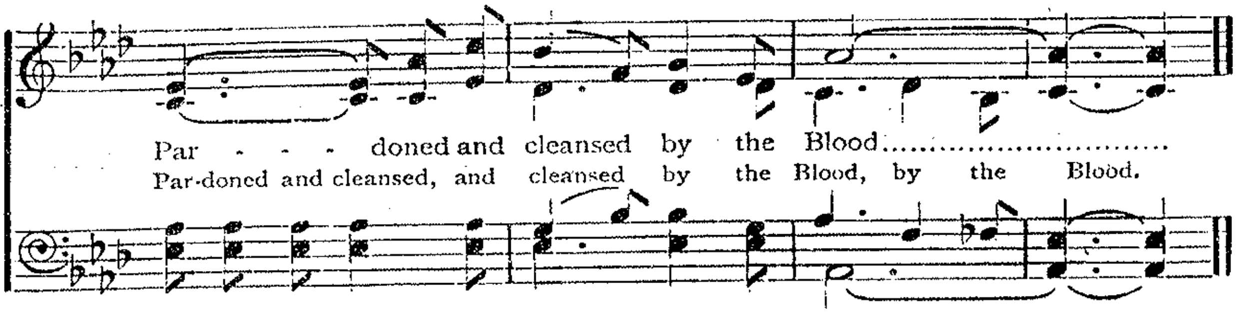
6.5.D.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Leviticus xx. 7.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.



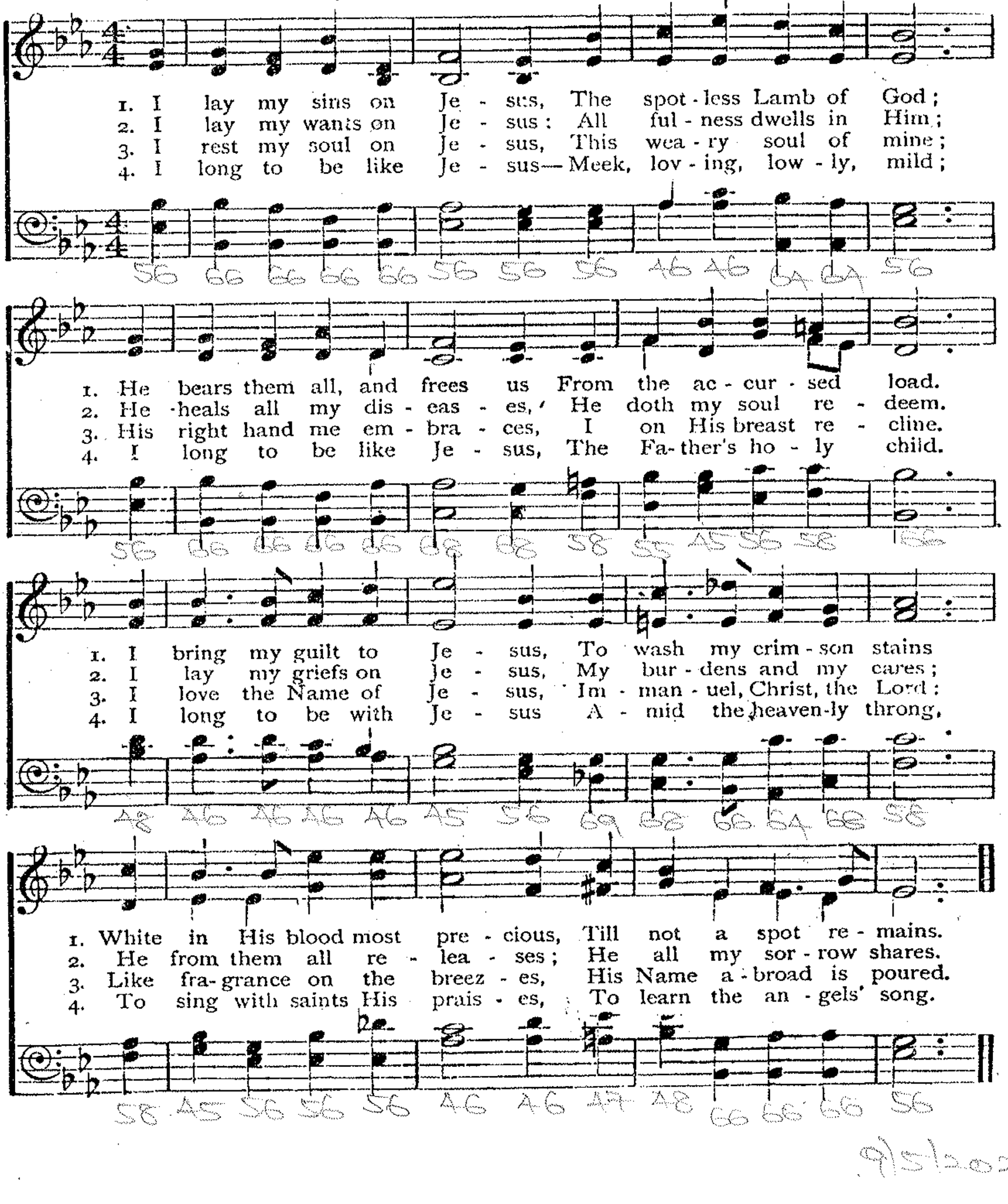
Dwelling in Love—*continued.*



No. 870. (S.S. 260) I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

"The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—JOHN i. 29.

H. BONAR, D.D. (ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7.6.) J. WALCH.



General Hymns.

Hymn 545. Austria.—8 7 8 7. 8 7 8 7. J. Haydn, 1797.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **292.**

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou city of God."

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our GOD;
He Whose word cannot be broken
Form'd thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

mf See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the LORD the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

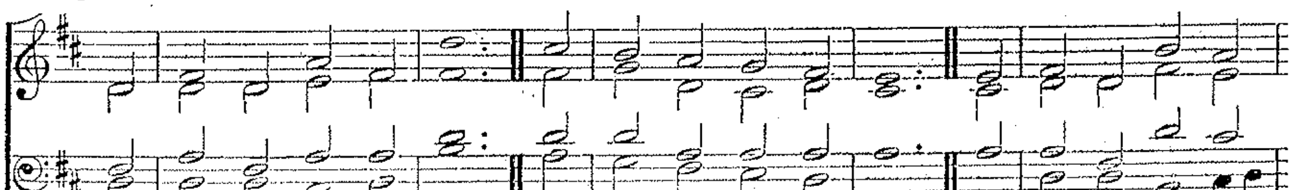
Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the LORD is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray.

p SAVIOUR, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

J. Newton, 1779

TH-308

Hymn 546. Darwall's 148th.—6 6 6 6. 4 4 4 4. J. Darwall, 1731–1789.



TH - 308 13

General Hymns.



"Praise the Lord from the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth."

f YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at GOD'S right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your LORD'S command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

mf Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the SAVIOUR'S Face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in GOD above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
f Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be fill'd with praise.

R. BAXTER, 1681.

Hymn 547. BEWDLEY.—7 7 7 7. Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."

mf CHILDREN of the Heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

p We are travelling home to GOD
In the way the fathers trod;
cr They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

mf Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Sion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our LORD we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

p LORD, obèdient we would go,
Gladly leaving all below;
cr Only Thou our Leader be,
f And we still will follow Thee.

J. CENNICK, 1742

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 33.

TH-309,397 14

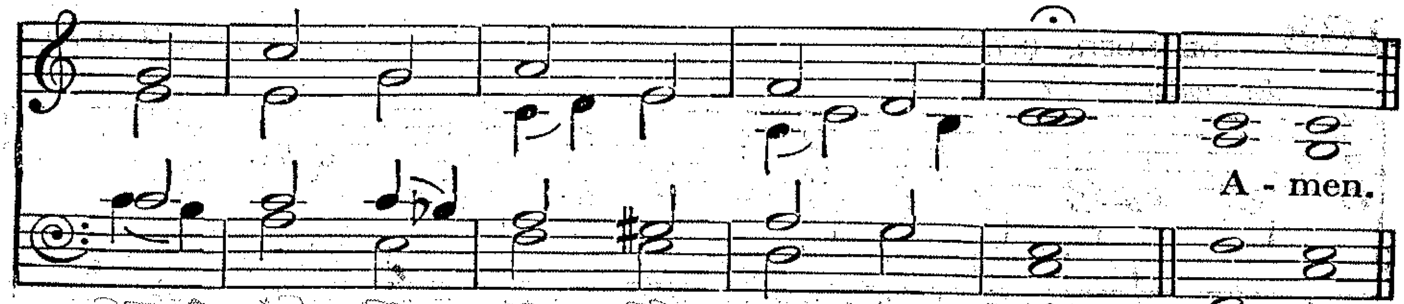
162 WACHET AUF (NICOLAI). (898. D. 664. 88.)

Slow. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556–1608.



page 1 of 2

HIS COMING IN POWER



Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

'WAKE, awake! for night is flying,'
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
'Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.'

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556–1608; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

161. Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

Ph. Nikolai? 1599.



Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 402. MEINHOLD.—7 8 7 8. 7 7. *Gesangbuch* (Lüneburg, 1686).



FOR A CHILD. *"They are in peace."*

p TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping.
cr And no sigh of anguish sore
p Heaves that little bosom more.

mf In a world of pain and care,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
cr Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

p Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
cr And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
p Lost awhile our treasured love,
cr Gain'd for ever, safe above.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH: from the German of J. W. Meinhold.

The following Hymns are suitable:

140 JESUS lives! no longer now.
225 Brief life is here our portion.
235 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
264 My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray.
286 O let him, whose sorrow.
288 A few more years shall roll.
289 Days and moments quickly flying.
608 GOD of the living, in Whose eyes.
609 Safe home, safe home in port.
610 Safely, safely gather'd in.
748 O LORD, to Whom the spirits live.
749 Think, O LORD, in mercy.
750 FATHER, Who hast gather'd.

St. Andrew the Apostle.

Hymn 403. ST. ANDREW.—8 7 8 7. E. H. THORNE.



"One of the two which . . . followed Him was Andrew."

mf JESUS calls us; (*cr*) o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, follow Me:"

mf As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

p JESUS calls us (*cr*) from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, love Me more."

mf In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

p JESUS calls us: (*cr*) by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

No. 319. (S.S. 117) What a Friend we have in Jesus! 8.7. D.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

J. Scriven. C. C. Converse.



Anywhere, my Saviour—*continued.*



No. 597. ($\frac{S.S.}{265}$) Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

"Come, take up the cross, and follow Me."—MARK x. 21.

H. F. LYTE. (BETHANY. 8.7. D.) H. SMART.



Advent.

Hymn 45. Conditor alme.—L.M. (*First Version.*) Proper Sarum Melody.



Hymn 45. Conditor alme.—L.M. (*Alternative Version.*) Proper Sarum Melody.

To be sung in Unison.



"*Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber.*"

mf CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
Jesu, Redeemer of us all,
p Hear Thou Thy servants when they call.

Thou, sorrowing at the helpless cry
Of all creation doom'd to die,
cr Didst save our lost and guilty race
By healing gifts of heavenly grace.

mf When earth was near its evening hour,
Thou didst, in love's redeeming power,
Like bridegroom from his chamber, come
Forth from a Virgin-mother's womb.

f At Thy great Name, exalted now,
All knees in lowly homage bow;
All things in Heav'n and earth adore,
And own Thee King for evermore.

p To Thee, O Holy One, we pray,
Our Judge in that tremendous day,
Ward off, while yet we dwell below,
The weapons of our crafty foe.

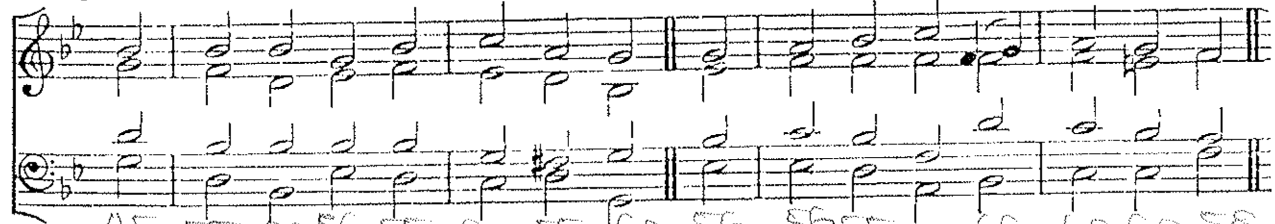
f To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally.

J. M. Neale: from the Latin.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 71.

TH-228, 312

Hymn 46. Breslau.—L.M. *Geistliche Gesänge* (Leipzig, 1625).





Lower settings of this Tune are given at Hymns 200, 246.

"His name is called The Word of God."

mf O HEAVENLY WORD, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the FATHER'S Might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn;

Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
p When sinners meet their awful doom,
cr And Saints attain their heavenly home;

p O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy Face at last;
cr But with the blessèd evermore
Behold Thee, love Thee, and adore.

f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally.

Compilers: from the Latin.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 415.

Hymn 47. MERTON.—8 7 8 7. W. H. MONK.



"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

f HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"CHRIST is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Waken'd by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

mf Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heav'n;
dim Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

mf That when next He comes with glory,
p And the world is wrapp'd in fear,
cr With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

f Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run.

E. CASWALL: from the Latin.

General Hymns.

Hymn 199. St. James.—C.M.

R. Courteville, 1697.



"Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

mf THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the FATHER seek
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; (*f*) the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
mf And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
p Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
mf Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop Doane.

Hymn 200. Breslau.—L.M.

Geistliche Gesänge (Leipzig, 1625).



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymns 46, 246.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

mf WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
p Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
cr The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

mf Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "GOD is Love;"
p He bears our sins upon the Tree;
cr He brings us mercy from above.

f The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in Heav'n above.

mf To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
p By bitter grief and anguish sore,
f Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

T. Kelly, 1815.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 658.

TH - 186, 287, 313

Hymn 287. St. Raphael.—8 7 8 7. 4 7. E. J. Hopkins.



"Let my supplication come before Thee; deliver me, according to Thy Word."

10/5/2020

mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from Heav'n Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mf From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

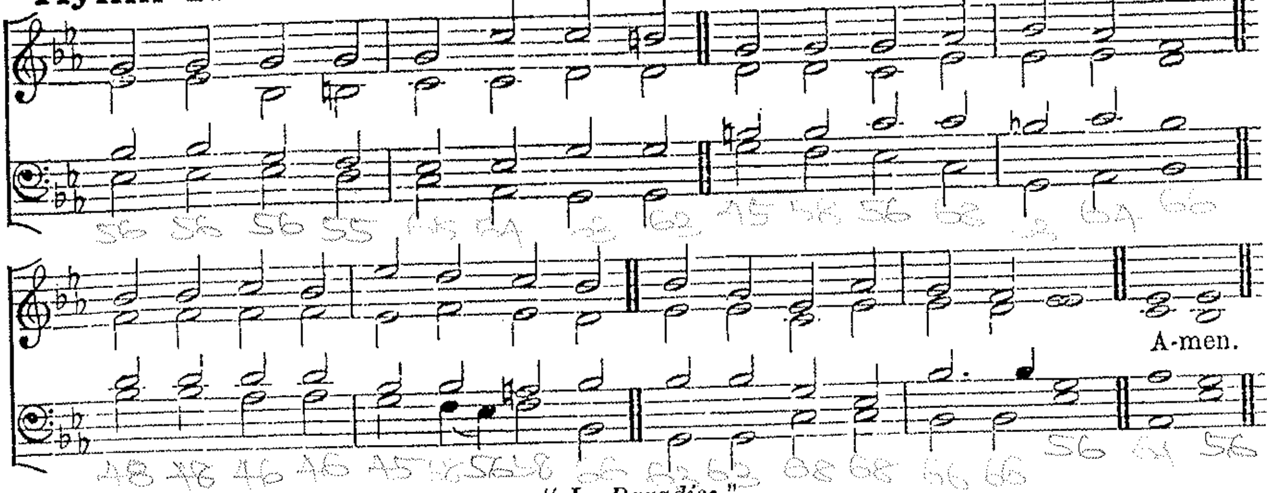
mf When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. Cummins.

Hymn 122. Ad inferos.—8 7 8 7. W. H. Sangster.



"In Paradise."

p IT is finish'd! Blessèd JESUS,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
cr Teaching us the sons of Adam
How the SON OF GOD (*dim*) can die.

p Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

mf In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the LORD of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

p See! He comes, a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

mf Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
cr All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious Words they hear.

mf For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own Incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
cr In adoring faith and gladness,
dim Hearing of the piercèd Hands.

f Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransom'd by His precious Blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the Paradise of GOD!

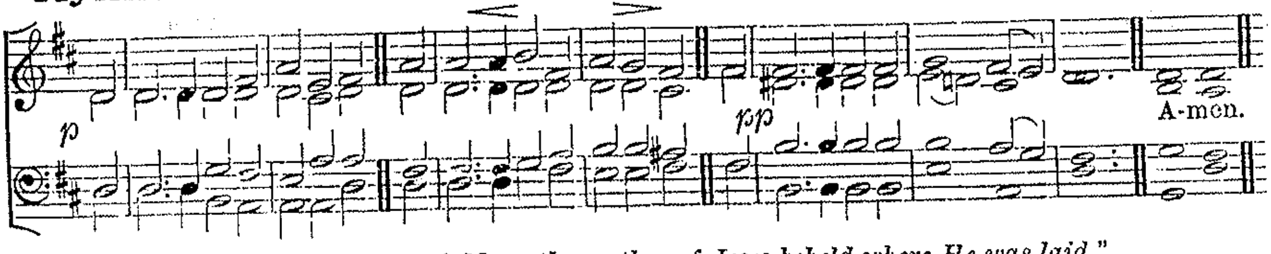
mf There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
cr Reaping now the blessèd promise
dim Spoken by the Crucified.

p JESUS, LORD of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finish'd,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop Maclagan.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 109.

Hymn 123. Holy Sepulchre.—8 8 8. E. H. Thorne.



"Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses beheld where He was laid."

p BY JESUS' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The LORD, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

mf O hearts bereaved and sore distress'd,
Here is for you a place of rest;
p Here leave your griefs on JESUS' Breast.

I. Gregory Smith.

Hymn 124. Petra.—7 7. 7 7. 7 7. R. Redhead.



147. Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.

(Handschr. Herrnhut 1738) Basel 1745.



148. Ruhet wohl, ihr Totenbeine.

Chr. Störl. 1711.





The Alternative Version may be used for verses 2 and 4.

"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts."

mf O GOD of hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy Face!

p My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee the living GOD.

mf For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

O LORD of hosts, my King and GOD,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

N. TATE and N. BRADY, 1696.

Hymn 238. MARTYRDOM.—C.M.

H. WILSON, 1766-1824.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **630**.

"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God."

p AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O GOD, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
cr O when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him Who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

N. TATE and N. BRADY, 1696.

No. 556. (S. S. 554) Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me! 7s.

"He guided them by the skilfulness of His hands."—PSALM lxxviii. 72.

EDWARD HOPPER, D.D. J. E. GOULD.



567 SEELENBRÄUTIGAM (ARNSTADT). (5 5. 88. 5 5.)

Slow. ADAM DRESE, 1620–1701.



Jesu, geh' voran.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1700–60;
tr. by JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.

151. Schwing dich auf zu deinem Gott.

J. G. Ebeling. 1666.



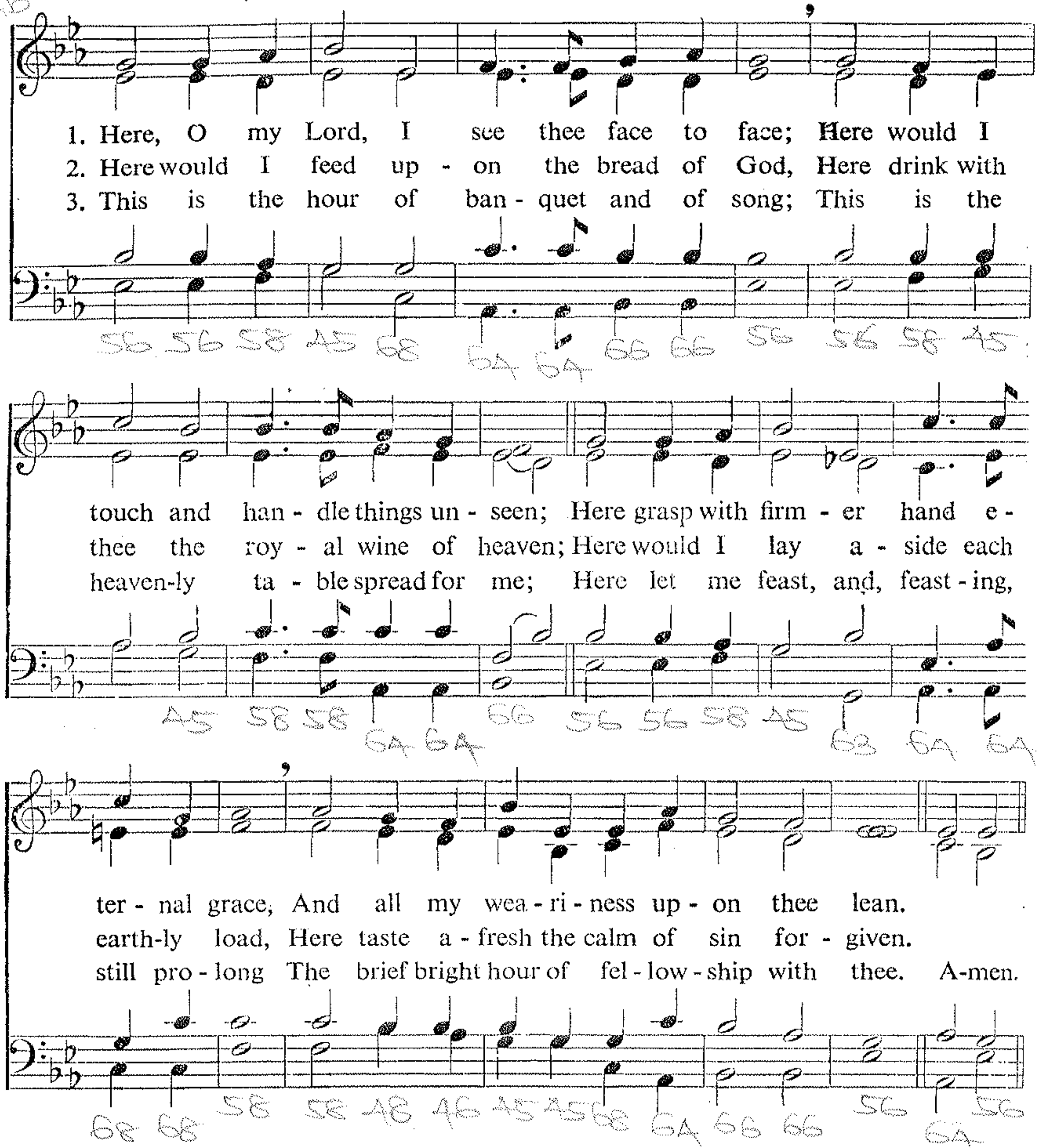
152. Seelenbräutigam.

Adam Drese. 1698.



PENITENTIA. 10 10, 10 10. EDWARD DEARLE, 1806–91

Devotionally



4 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing Blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God. Amen.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89

This hymn may also be sung to LANGRAN (No. 366).

76. Herr, wie du willst, so schicks. *(Ursprüngl: Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir.)* Straßburg 1525.



77. Herzlich tut mich verlangen. (Weltl. J. L. Haßler 1601) Görlitz 1613.



155. Unser Herrscher unser König.

Joach. Neander? 1680.



156. Valet will ich dir geben.

Melch. Teschner. 1613.



No. 542. (S.S. 95) He Leadeth me! L.M.

'For I . . will hold thy right hand."—ISAIAH xli. 13.

J. H. GILMORE. W. B. BRADBURY.



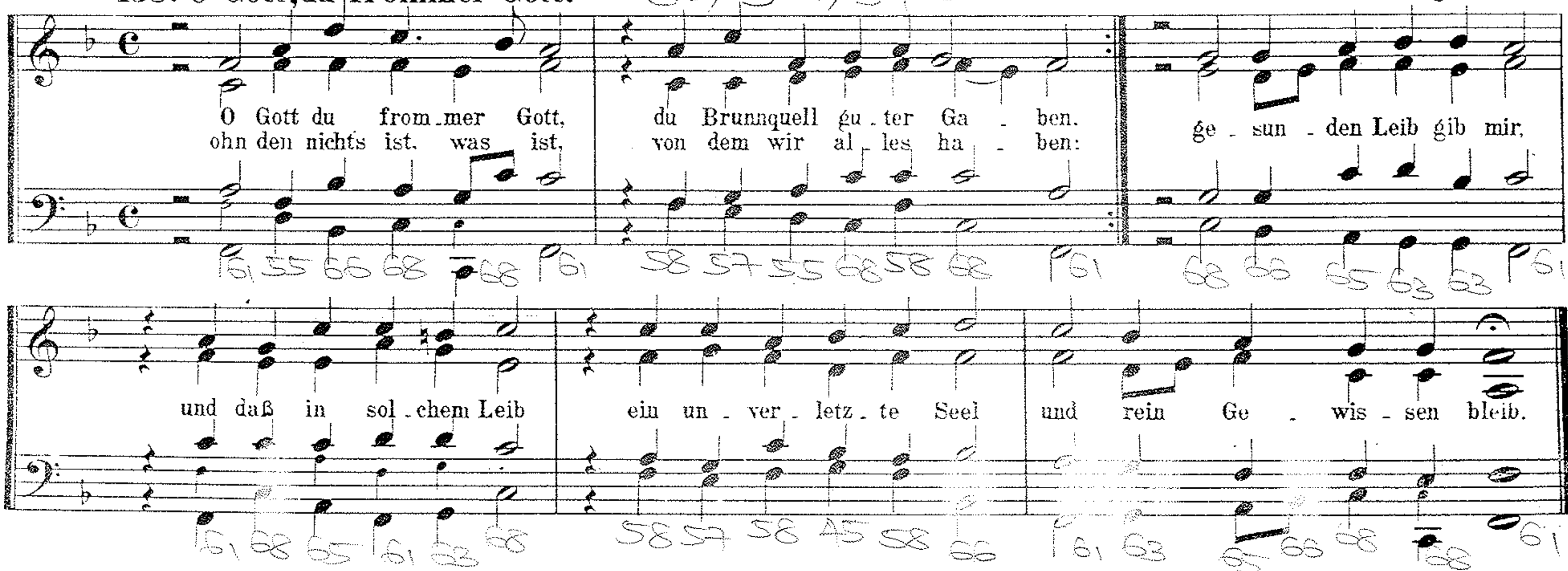
137. O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort.

(J. Schop 1642.) Umbildg. Crüger. 1653.



138. O Gott, du frommer Gott.

Meiningen 1693.



172. Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

G. Neumark 1640. Jena 1657.



173. Wer weiß, wie nahe mir mein Ende. *(Urspr: Wer nur den lieben Gott.)*

Hamburg 1690.



TH-323

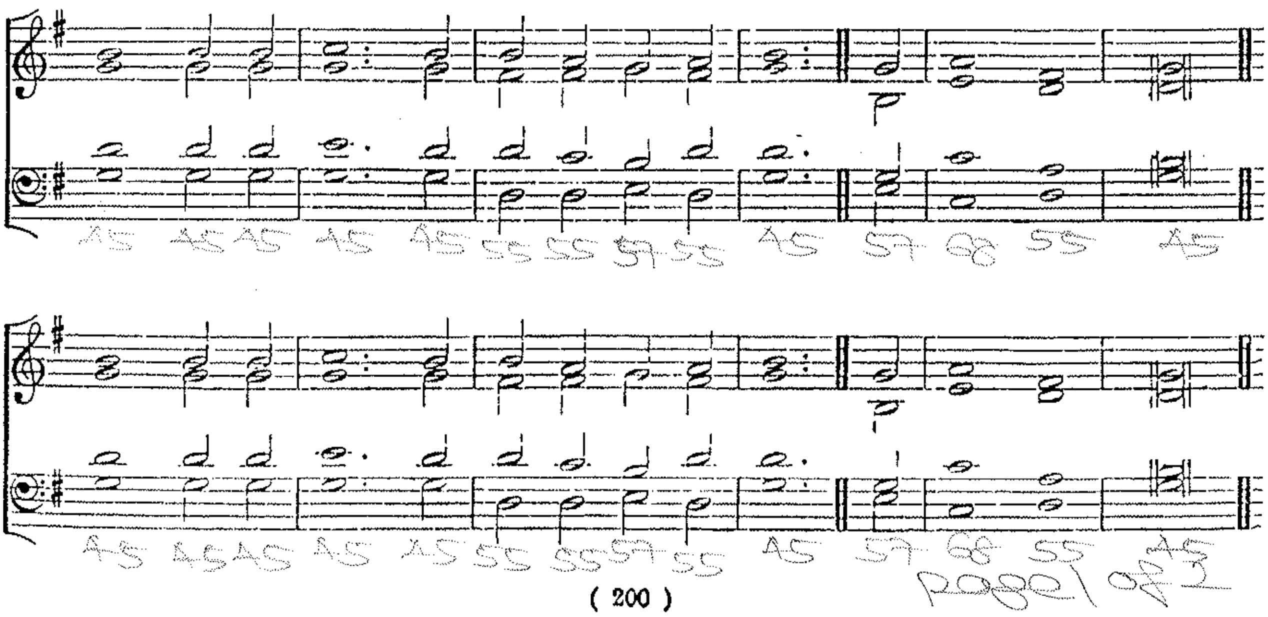
Hymn 266. Lux benigna.—10 4 10 4.10 10. (*First Tune.*)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



TH-323 10/5/2020

Hymn 266. Sandon.—10 4 10 4.10 10. (*Second Tune.*) C. H. Purday, 1860.





"In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire."

mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; (*p*) one step enough for me.

mf I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on.
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till
The night is gone;
cr And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

Cardinal J. H. NEWMAN.

Hymn 267. WINDSOR.—C.M. (*First Tune.*) DAMON, *Psalms*, 1591.





An Alternative Version of this Tune is given at Hymn 90.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

p LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
cr So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heav'n.

mf Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our FATHER'S Will,
p Our brethren's griefs to share.

mf Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
p And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
pp "FATHER, Thy Will be done."

mf Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heav'n.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1838.

Hymn 281. Mannheim.—8 7 8 7 8 7. F. Filitz, 1847.



"I am the Lord thy God . . . Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

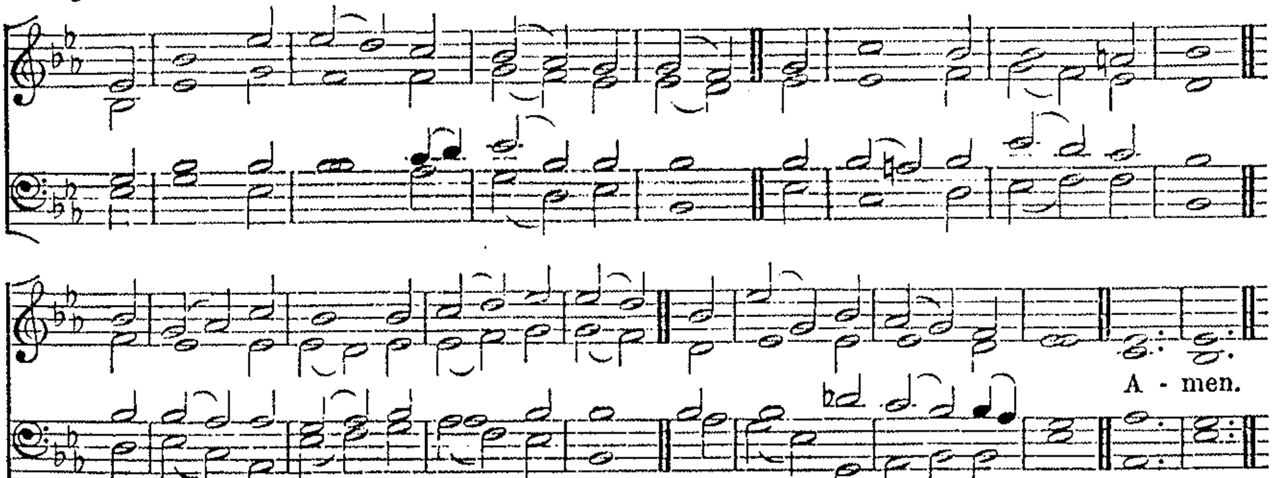
mf LEAD us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
  O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
  For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
  If our GOD our FATHER be.

p SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
  All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
  Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
  Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
  Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
  Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
  Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

Hymn 282. Abridge.—C.M. I. Smith, 1770.



"O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths; that my footsteps slip not."

mf BE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
  And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
  And hold me lest I fall.

p The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
  Around the path I tread;
cr O save me from the snares of hell,
f Thou Quickener of the dead.

p And if I tempted am to sin,
  And outward things are strong,
cr Do Thou, O LORD, keep watch within,
  And save my soul from wrong.

mf Still let me ever watch and pray,
p And feel that I am frail;
  That if the Tempter cross my way,
cr Yet he may not prevail.

I. WILLIAMS.

39

H GREEN TH-324

Cwm Rhondda.

 JOHN HUGHES, Llantwit Vardre.



11/5/2020

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling torrent
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

TH-325

LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS

16

ORIENT. 6.6.6.6. **R. H. Boys.**



1 O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul.
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heav'nly peace;
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

H. Bonar.

TH-325

17

DOLOMITE CHANT. 6.6.6.6. **Austrian Melody Harmonized By J. T. Cooper.**



11/5/2020

Hymn 264. TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1.—8 8 8 4. A. H. DYKE TROYTE.



"Thy will be done."

mf MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heárt to say,
p "Thy Will be done."

Though dark my path, and sád my lot,
Let me be still and múrmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no lónger nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy Will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me tó resign
What most I prize, it ne'ér was mine;
I only yield Thee whát is Thine;
"Thy Will be done."

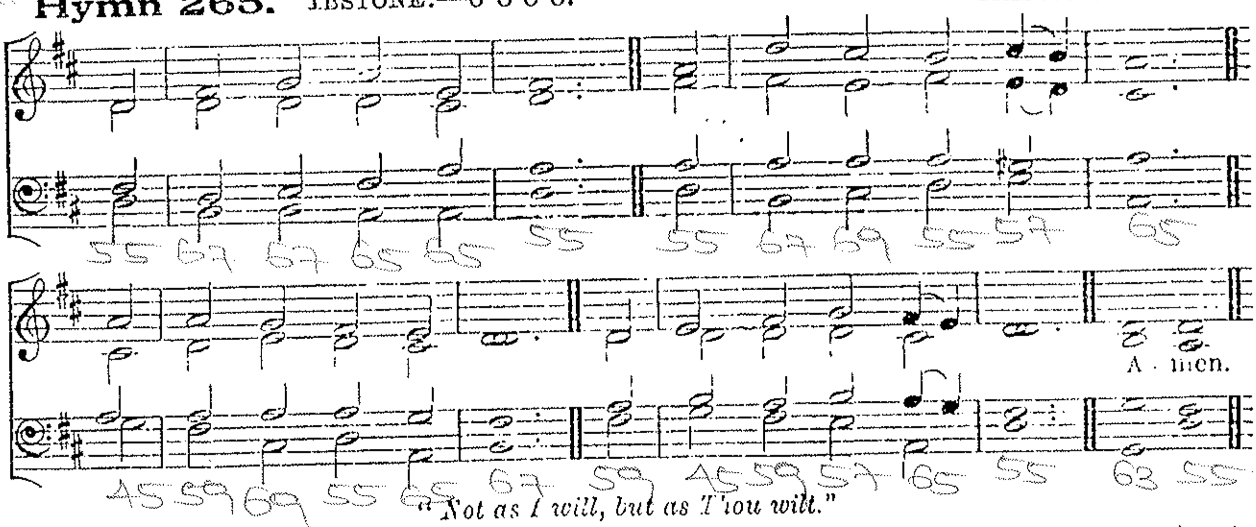
mf Let but my fainting heárt be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT fór its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leáve the rest;
p "Thy Will be done."

mf Renew my will from dáy to day,
Blend it with Thine, and táke away
All that now makes it hárd to say,
p "Thy Will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 275.

Hymn 265. IBSTONE.—6 6 6 6. Miss M. TIDDEMAN.



"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

mf THY way, not mine, O LORD,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

p I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
mf Choose Thou for me, my GOD,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
p Else I must surely stray.

mf Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
p Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
f My Wisdom, and my All.

H. BONAR.

Harvest.

Hymn 385. Neale.—8 7.8 7.8 7. (*First Tune.*) W. H. Monk.



Hymn 385. First Fruits.—8 7.8 7.8 7. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. J. B Dykes.



"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease."

mf God the Father! Whose Creation
  Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation
  Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
  Of the August-gold of earth.

God the Word! the sun, maturing
  With his blessèd ray the corn,
cr Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
  Thee, O everlasting Morn!
p Thee in Whom our woes find curing,
cr Thee that liftest up our horn.

mf God the Holy Ghost! the showers
  That have fatten'd out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
  Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadow'd out the grace that dowers
  All the faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation
  Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel-proclamation
  Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
  Sink to woe, or glory win;

p Grant that we, or young, or hoary,
  Lengthen'd be our span or brief,
Whatsoe'er the life-long story
  Of our joy or of our grief,
cr May be garner'd up in glory
  As Thine own elected sheaf.

f Laud to Him to Whom Supernal
  Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him from Whom infernal
  Powers and Dominations flee;
Laud to Him the Co-eternal
  Paraclete, for ever be.

J. M. Neale.

Early Seeking—*continued.*



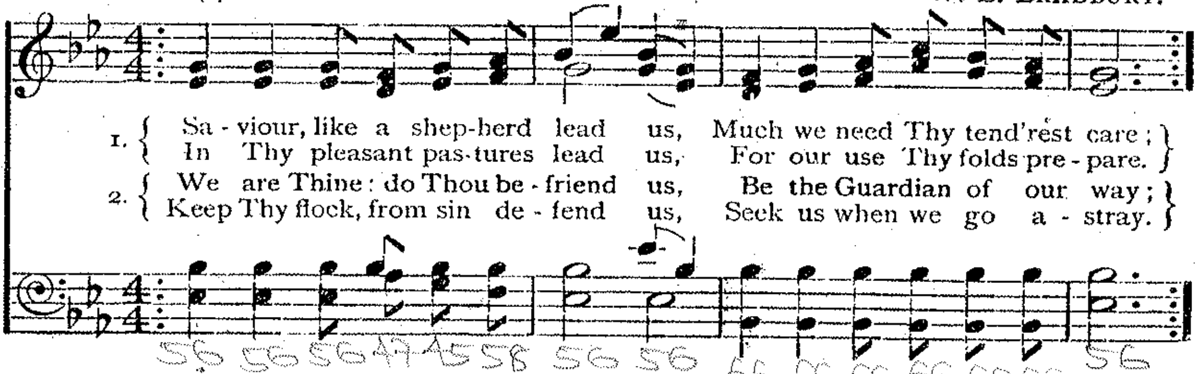
3. Early knocking, early opening,
Ever happy, happy we;
By the holy gate we enter,
Lord, to dwell, to dwell with Thee;
In the city of the blest,
In the home of heavenly rest.

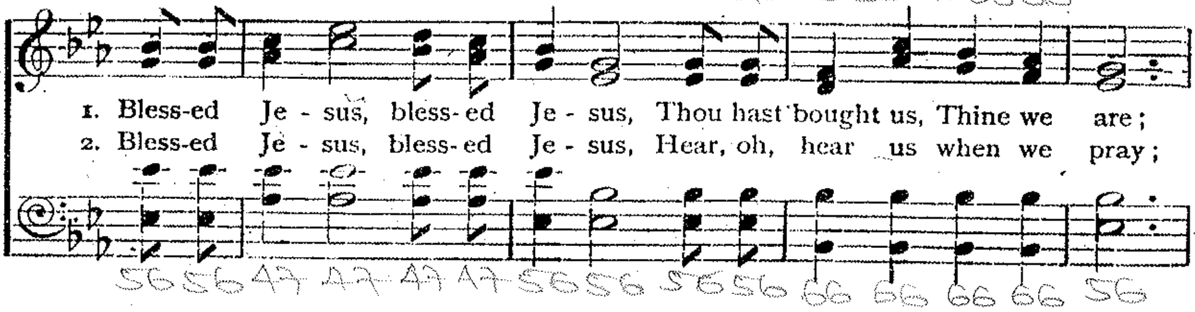
4. Early loving, early trusting,
Ever happy, happy we;
Mounting upward, pressing onward,
Closer, closer drawn to Thee;
Earthly joys we leave behind,
All in Thee, O Christ, to find.

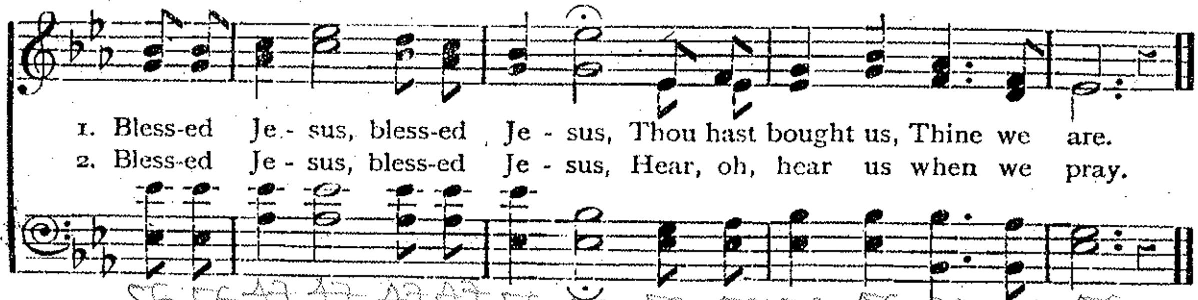
No. 1164. (S.S. 98) Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead us. 8.7.4.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—PSALM xxiii. 1.

D. THRUPP (?) — W. B. BRADBURY.







3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Hymn 290. Wiltshire.—C.M.

Sir G. Smart, 1793.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 633.

"I will alway give thanks unto the Lord: His praise shall ever be in my mouth."

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name;
p When in distress to Him I call'd,
f He to my rescue came.

mf The Hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

N. Tate and N. Brady, 1696.

Hymn 291. University College.—7 7 7 7.

H. J. Gauntlett.



"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

mf OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life!

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
cr Soon shall every tear be dry;
mf Let not fears your course impede,
f Great your strength, if (*dim*) great your need.

mf Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
f Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
dim Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hymns of glory and of praise,
mf FATHER, unto Thee we raise:
HOLY JESUS, praise to Thee
With the SPIRIT ever be.

H. Kirke White (1785-1806) and others.

Hymn 314. Manna.—8 8 6. 8 8 6. (*Second Tune.*) J. G. Schicht, 1819.



"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

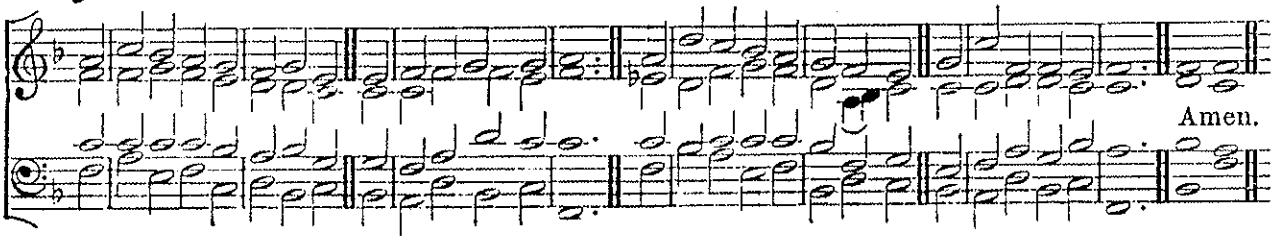
mf O FOOD that weary pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel-hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee;
cr Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy (*dim*) sweetness faints.

mf O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide,
p Which from the Saviour's piercèd Side
And Sacred Heart dost flow,
cr Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill,
Which only can our spirits fill,
And all our need bestow.

p Lord Jesu, Whom, by power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign
We worship and adore,
mf Grant, when the veil away is roll'd,
cr With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.

Compilers: from the Latin.

Hymn 315. Albano.—C.M. V. Novello, 1781-1861.



"We have an Altar."

mf ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life He gave;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

"One offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
p In that dark noontide hour.

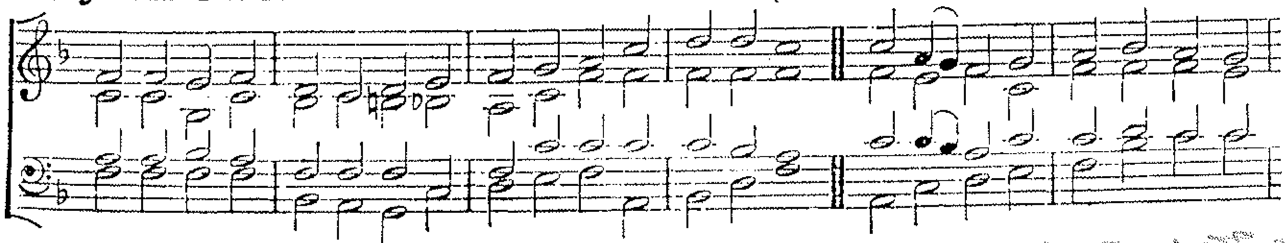
mf His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On Heav'n's eternal Throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.

And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.

f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

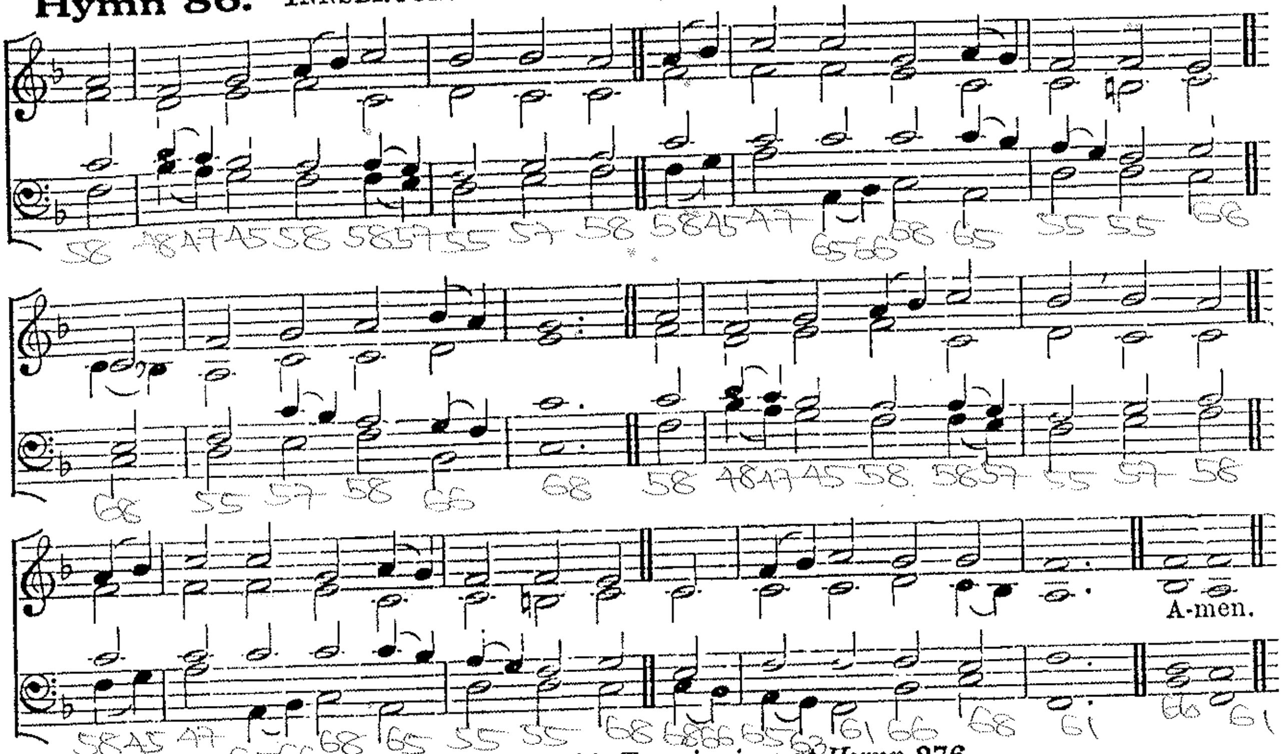
W. Bright.

Hymn 316. Alleluia.—8 7 8 7. 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*) S. S. Wesley.



Hymn 86. Innsbruck.—8 8 6. 8 8 6.

Old Volkslied. H. Isaak (?).



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **276.**

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

mf O Thou Who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou Hope of all our race;
Jesu, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy Face.

p With self-accusing voice within
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought, and word, and deed:
cr O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burthen freed.

mf If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'Tis Thine alone to spare;
With cleansèd hearts to pray aright,
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.

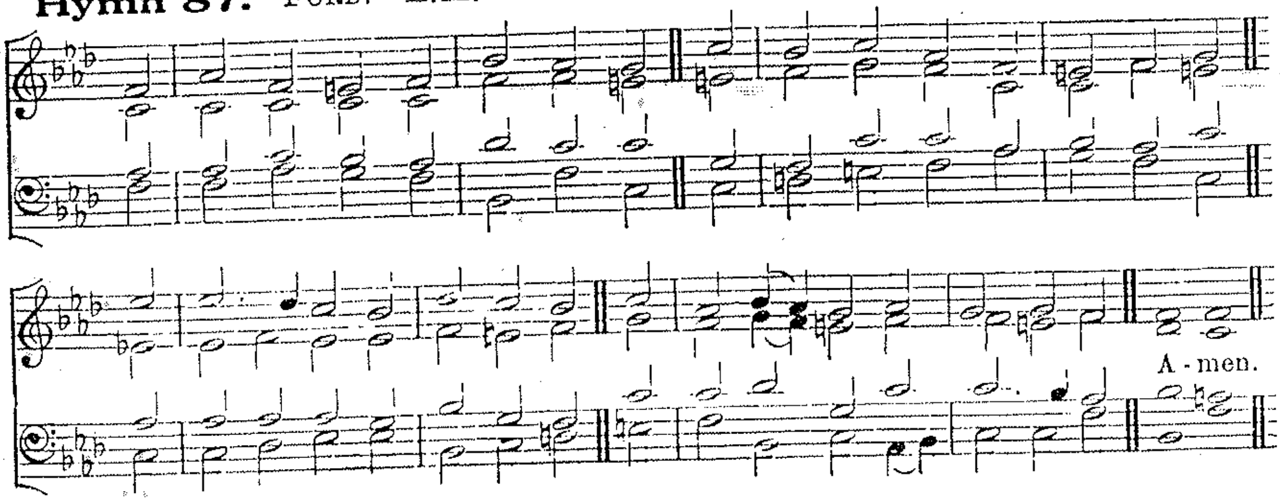
'Tis Thou hast bless'd this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be pass'd
In self-control severe,
cr That, when our Easter morn we hail,
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.

mf O Blessèd Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore;
cr Until, within Thy courts above,
We see Thy Face, and sing Thy love,
And with Thy Saints adore.

J. W. Hewett: from the Latin.

Hymn 87. Ford.—L.M.

T. Ford, 1614.



86

INNSBRUCK. (776.778.)

Very slow and solemn 𝅗𝅥 = 42.

Traditional German Melody.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.



48

LENT

TH-328

J. W. Hewett and others. Based on
Summi largitor praemii, *c. 6th cent.*

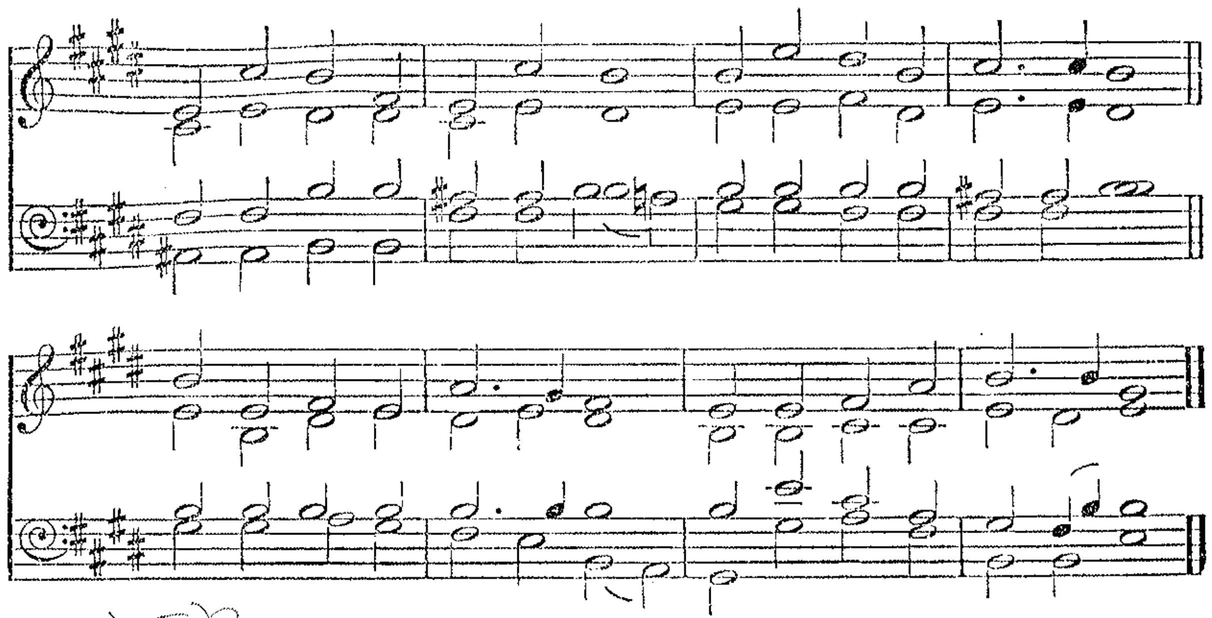
O THOU who dost accord us
The highest prize and guerdon,
Thou hope of all our race,
Jesu, do thou afford us
The gift we ask of pardon
For all who humbly seek thy face.

2 With whispered accusation
Our conscience tells of sinning
In thought, and word, and deed;
Thine is our restoration,
The work of grace beginning
For souls from every burthen freed.

3 For who, if thou reject us,
Shall raise the fainting spirit?
'Tis thine alone to spare:
If thou to life elect us,
With cleansèd hearts to near it,
Shall be our task, our lowly prayer.

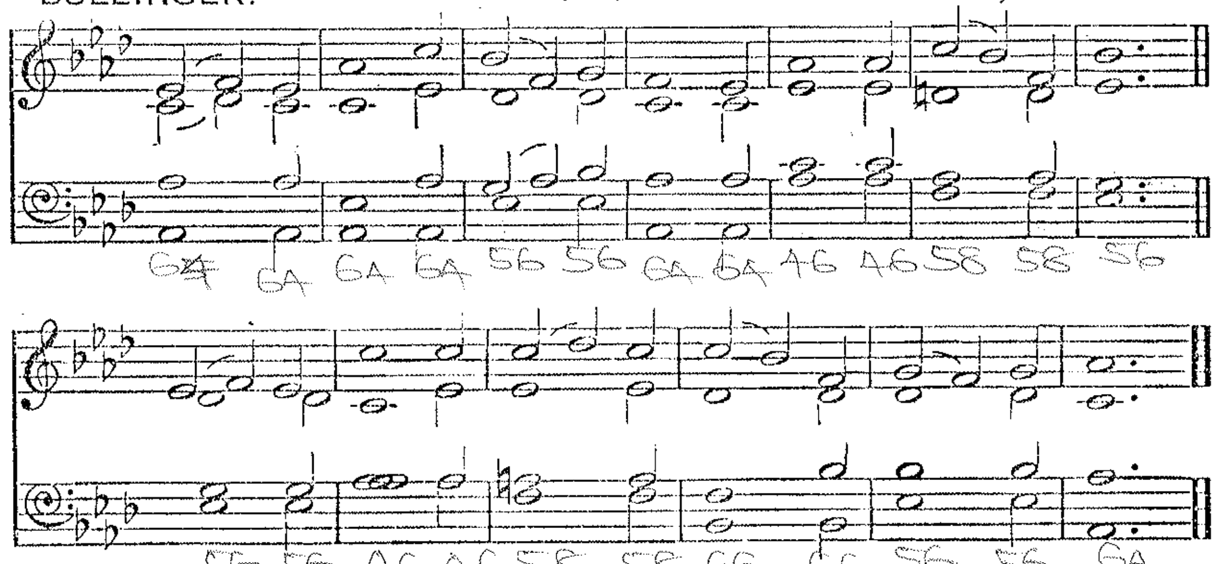
4. O Trinity most glorious,
Thy pardon free bestowing,
Defend us evermore;
That in thy courts victorious,
Thy love more truly knowing,
We may with all thy Saints adore.





21

BULLINGER. 8.5.8.3. E. W. BULLINGER, 1837-1913.



22

SACRED REST. 8.5.8.3. J. B. BIRKBECK, 1831-1917.



200

OLD GERMAN. 5 5 12.D. *Sacred Melody*, 1761.



1 O Jesus, my hope,
For me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued Thee to Calvary's top,
The blood Thou hast shed,
For me let it plead,
And declare Thou hast died in Thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above,
Its hardness remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love;
Thy love on the tree
Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride
Thy Cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy side:
Let Thy life-giving blood
Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart,
And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou art.

5 Each moment applied
My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My Advocate prove
With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of Thy love. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

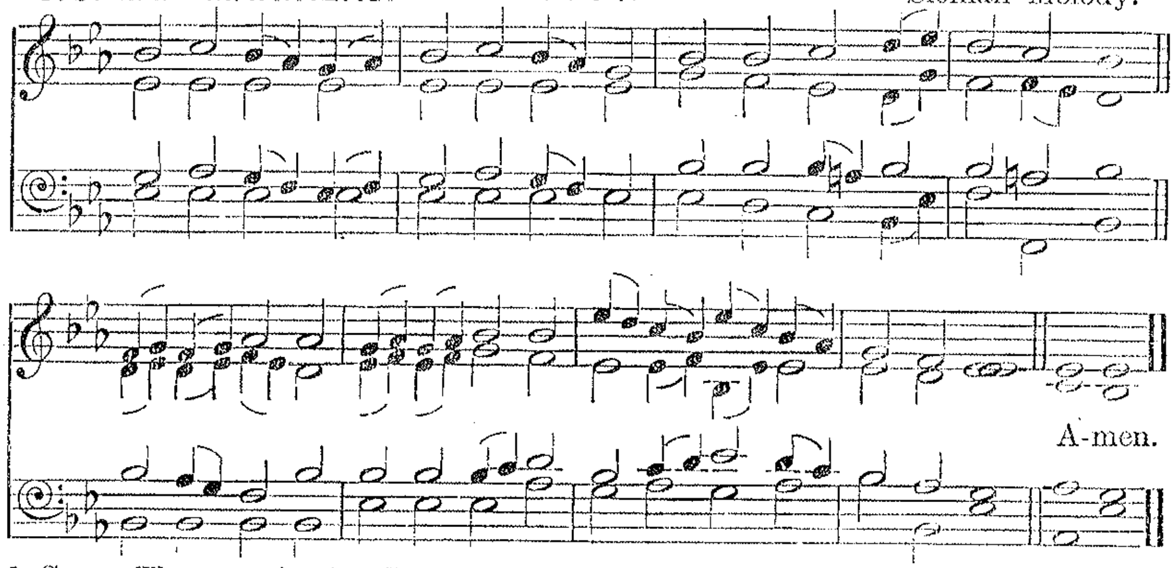
1 Author of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fullness prove,
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace
Behold without a veil Thy face.
Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

765

SICILIAN MARINERS. 8.7.8.7. Sicilian Melody.



1 Come, Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind:

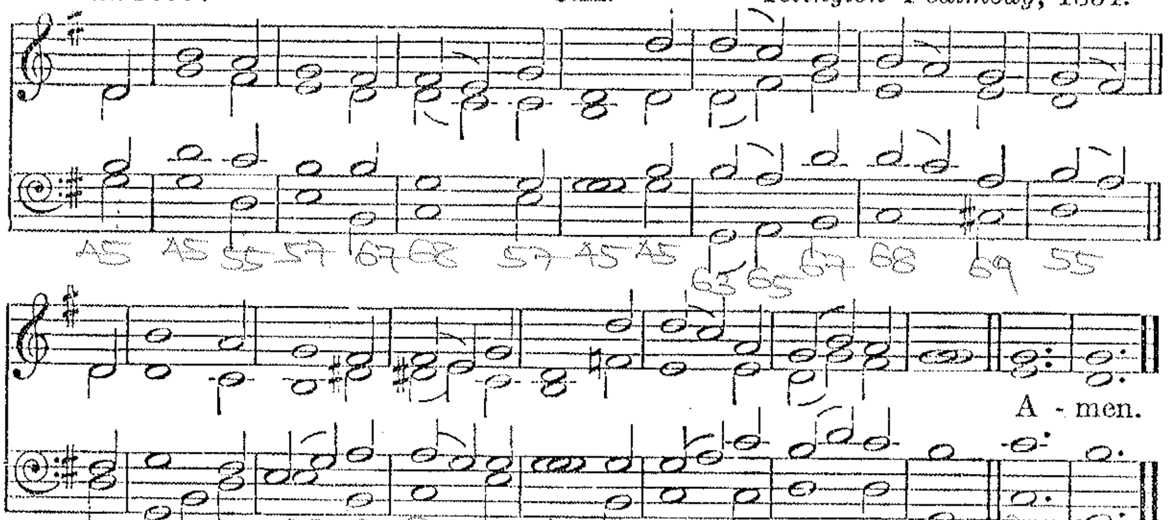
2 True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal His great salvation,
Preach His gospel to our heart.

3 Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel Thy power, applying
Christ to every soul, and mine. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

766

BELMONT. C.M. *Islington Psalmody*, 1854.



1 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly [wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

No. 129. (S. S. 45) There is a Fountain. C.M.

"A fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.

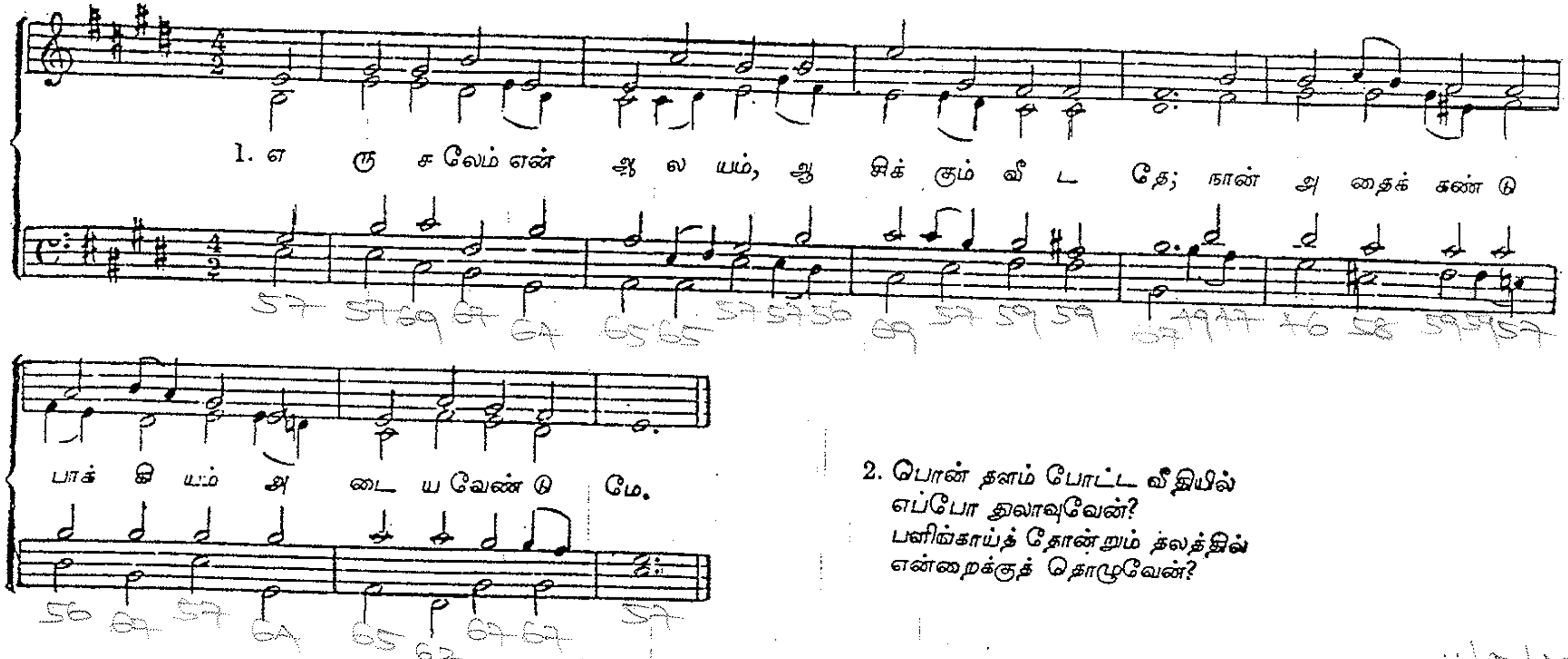
W. COWPER. Old Melody (arr.).



3.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4.
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

80. Jerusalem my happy home   தரிசனம் 3:12



2. பொன் தளம் போட்ட வீதியில்
எப்போ உலாவுவேன்?
பளிங்காய்த் தோன்றும் தலத்தில்
என்றைக்குத் தொழுவேன்?

3. என்னாளும் கூட்டம் கூட்டமாய்
நிற்கும் அம் மோட்சத்தார்
ஓய்வின்றி இயேசுவை ஒன்றாய்
துதித்துப் பாடுவார்.

4. நானும் அங்குள்ள கூட்டத்தில்
சேர்ந்தும்மைக் காணவே
வாஞ்சித்து, லோகத் துன்பத்தில்
களிப்பேன், இயேசுவே.

5. எருசலேம் என் ஆலயம்,
நான் உன்னில் வாழுவேன்;
என் ஆவல், என் அடைக்கலம்;
எப்போ கண்டடைவேன்?

Frnnces Baker, 1828.

ஞானப்பாட்டு 300

100. Jesus, meine Zuversicht. J. Crüger ? 1653.



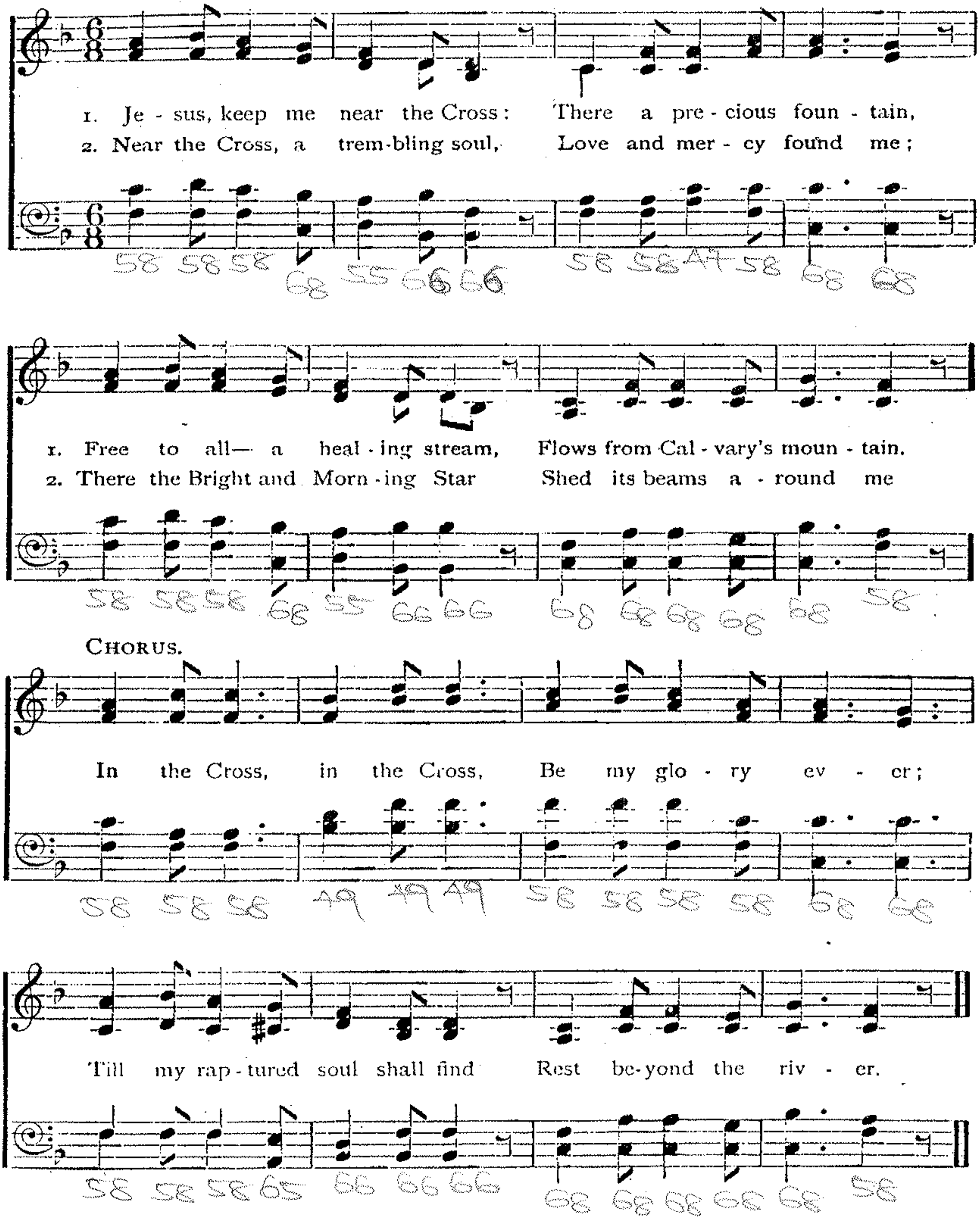
101. In dich hab ich gehoffet, Herr. *(Urspr: Christus ist erstanden.)* Altdeutsch, Handschr. 15. Jhdt. Nürnberg 1536.



No. 134. (S.S. 127) Near the Cross.

"Made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPHESIANS ii. 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



3.

Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

All Saints' Day.

Hymn 427. All Saints.—8 7 8 7. 7 7.

Geistreiches Gesangbuch (Darmstadt, 1698).



"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

mf WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
f Praising loud their heavenly King.

mf Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

f These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

p These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

mf These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

Frances E. Cox: from the
German of H. T. Schenk.

172. Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

G. Neumark 1640. Jena 1657.



173. Wer weiß, wie nahe mir mein Ende. *(Urspr: Wer nur den lieben Gott.)*

Hamburg 1690.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 720. Colchester.—8 8 8 8.8 8. S. S. Wesley.



"How shall He not with Him freely give us all things."

mf With solemn faith we offer up
And spread, O God, before Thine eyes
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, once-made Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

Acceptance through His only Name,
Forgiveness in His Blood we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him Who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His Blood
And fill with all the life of God.

As it were slain behold Thy Son,
And hear His Blood that speaks above;
On us let all Thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love:
Thy Kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

C. Wesley, 1745.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 526.

Bb Eb Ab TH - 293, 363, 335

Hymn 721. Stella.—8 8 8 8.8 8. *Easy Hymns for Catholic Schools*, 1851.



1/5/2020

Hymn 277. HORBURY.—6 4 6 4.6 6 4. (*First Tune.*) REV. J. B. DYKES.



Hymn 277. COMMUNION.—6 4 6 4.6 6 4. (*Second Tune.*) S. S. WESLEY.



"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

mf NEARER, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

p Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

mf There let my way appear
Steps unto Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

mf Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

MRS. ADAMS, 1841.

TH-336 60

BETHANY. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6 6 4. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

Brightly



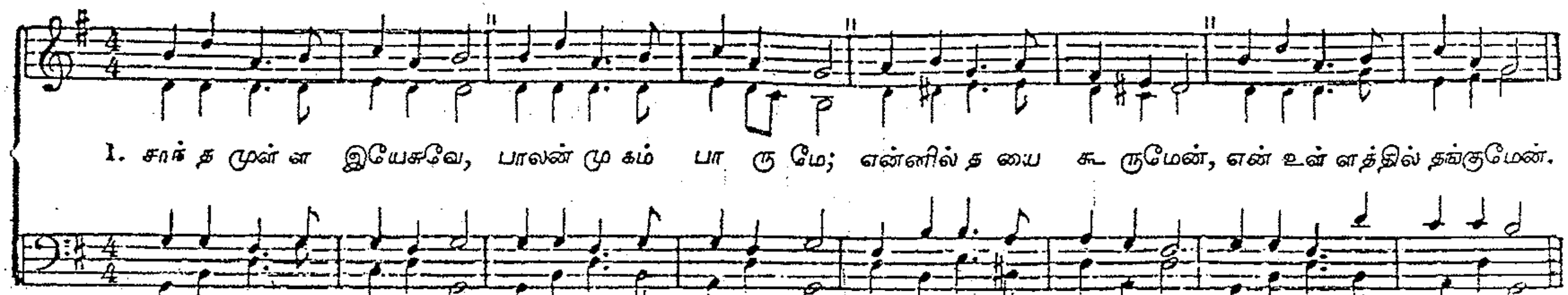
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

12/11/2020

Sarah Flower Adams, 1805–48

75. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild மாற்கு 10:14



2. உம்மை நாடிப் பற்றுவேன்,
என்னை ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளுமேன்;
மோட்ச ராஜ்ஜியத்திலே
எனக்கிடம் தாருமே.

3. இன்ப முகம் காட்டுவீர்,
என்னைக் கையில் ஏந்துவீர்;
உமக் கேற்றோன் ஆகவே
சுத்தம்பண்ணும், இயேசுவே.

4. தீயோர் துஷ்ட செய்கையை,
நான் செய்யாப்படி என்னை
நீர் நடத்தி ஆளுமேன்,
என்னில் வாசம் பண்ணுமேன்.

5. ஆ, அன்புள்ள இயேசுவே,
அடியேனைப் பாருமே,
என்னை அன்பாய் ரட்சியும்,
மோட்சபாக்யம் அருளும்.

ஞானப்பாட்டு 294

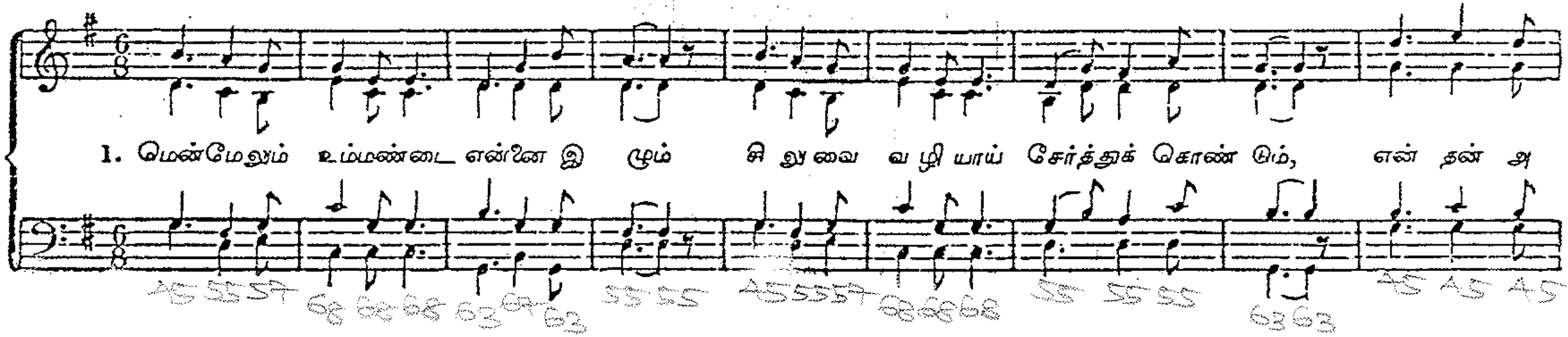
C. Wesley, 1742.

TH-336

76. Nearer my God, to Thee யாக்கோபு 4:8

6.4.6.4.6.6.4

F#



TH-336 = Contd



12/5/2020

2. தாசன் யாக்கோபைப்போல்,
ராக்காலத்தில்
திக்கற்றுக் கல்மேல் நான்
தூங்குகையில்
என்தன் கனவிலே
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

3. நீரே நடத்திடும்
பாதை எல்லாம்
விண் எட்டும் ஏணிபோல்
விளங்குமாம்;
தூதர் அழைப்பாரே,
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

4. நான் விழித்தும்மையே
ஸ்தோத்திரிப்பேன்
என் துயர்க்கல்லை உம்
வீடாக்குவேன்:
என் துன்பத்தாலுமே
உம்மண்டை, தேவனே, ::
சேருவேனே.

ஞானப்பாட்டு 296

Sara Adams 1841.

TH-302

77. Take my life and let it be எபேசியர் 6:24

7.7.7.7



62

155. Unser Herrscher unser König.



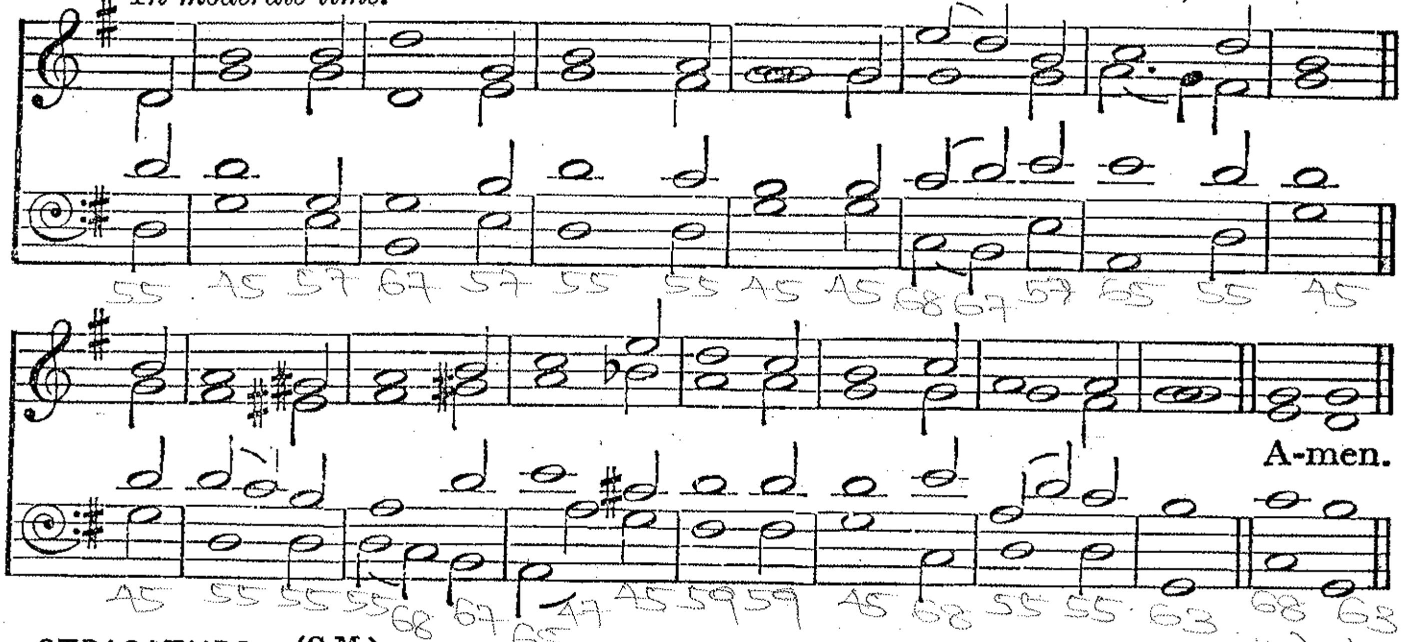
156. Valet will ich dir geben.



451

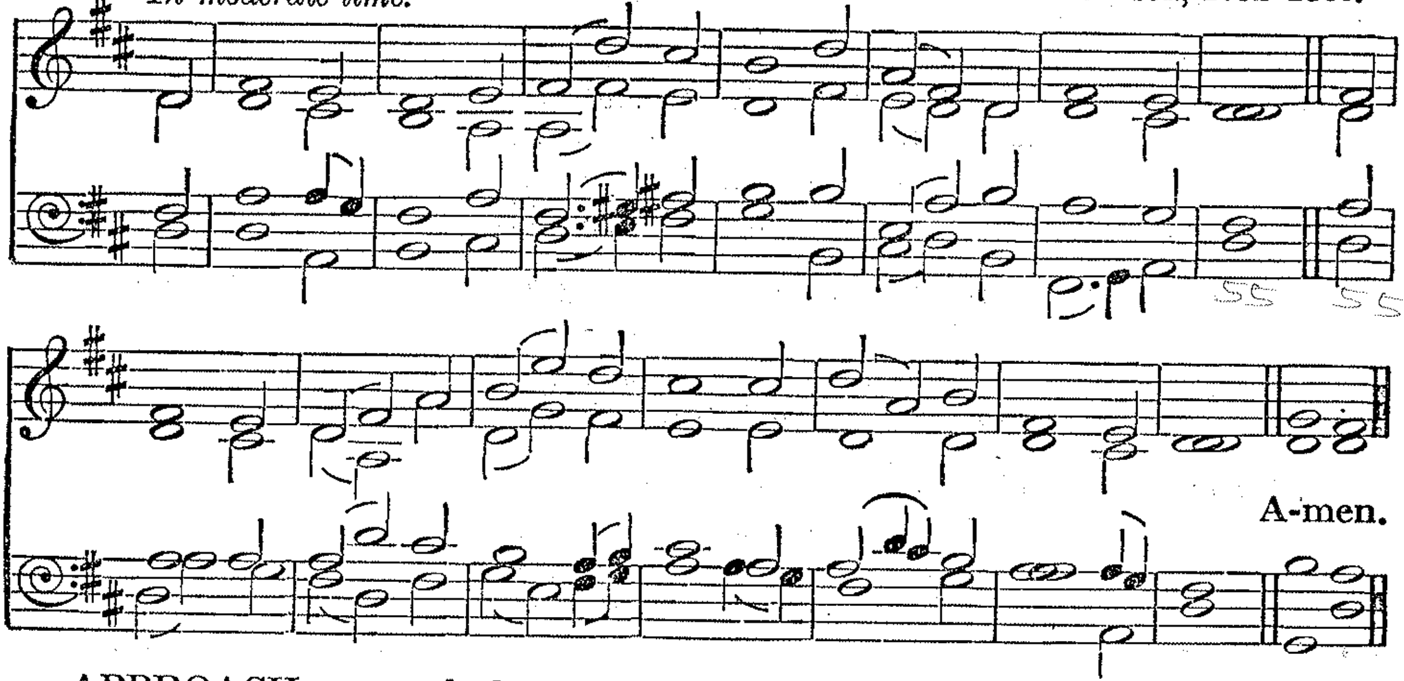
SPOHR. (C.M.)

In moderate time. Adapted from LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784–1859.



STRACATHRO. (C.M.)

In moderate time. CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792–1860.



APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.



An Alternative Version in a lower key is given at Hymn 479.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

mf O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That GOD, the SON of GOD, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no Angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
p But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

f For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew;
mf For us the tempter overthrew.

For us He pray'd, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

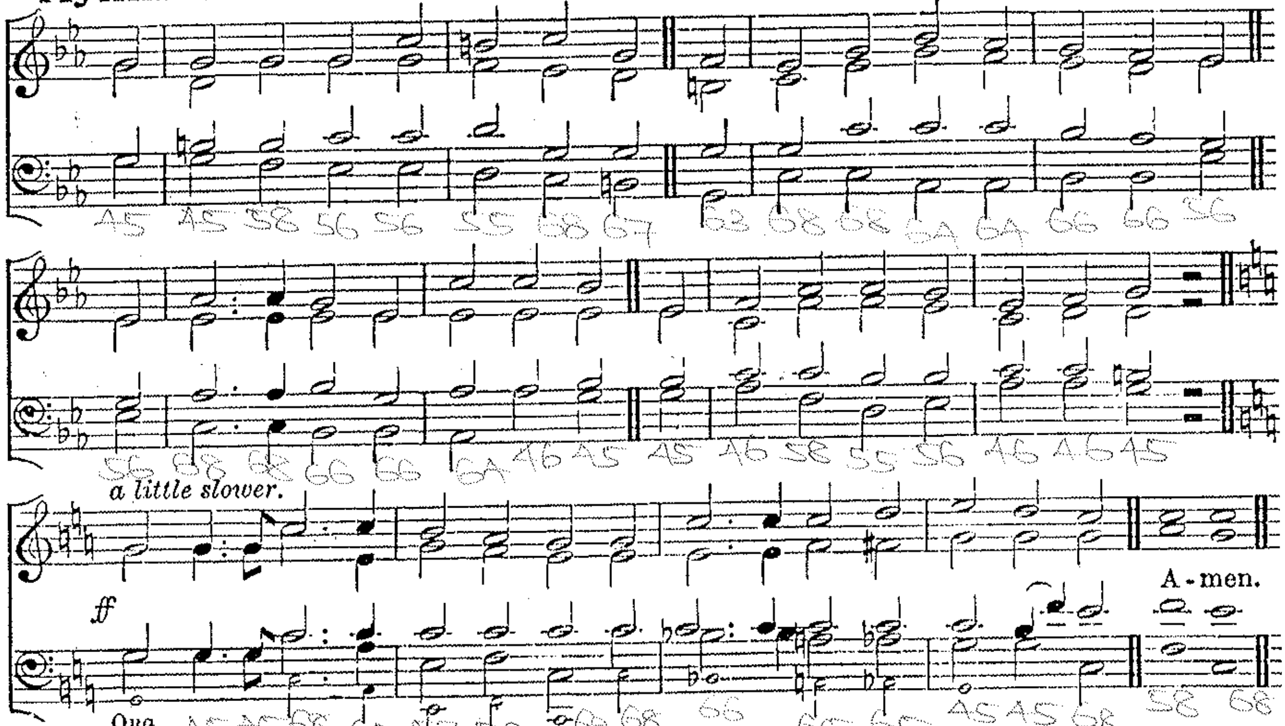
p For us to wicked men betray'd,
Scourged, mock'd, in purple robe array'd,
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

f For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be
Both now and through eternity.

B. WEBB: from Thomas à Kempis.

Hymn 174. CREDO.—8 8 8 8. 8 8. Sir J. STAINER.



"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

mf WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
f But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou SON of GOD.

mf We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
dim Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
f Yet we believe the deed was done,
dim Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.

mf We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred Body lay,
cr Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that Angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

mf We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to Heav'n their wondering view,
p Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
f Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
mf No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
ff But we believe Thy faithful Word,
And trust in our Redeeming LORD.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1851.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 370.

3. இந்நெஞ்சை மெய்விசுவாசத்தால்
நிறையப்பண்ணும், ஏனென்றால்
ஆராகிலும் தன்னாலேதான்
சேர்பட்டு விசுவாசியான். மு.
Fabricius ஞானப்பாட்டு 89

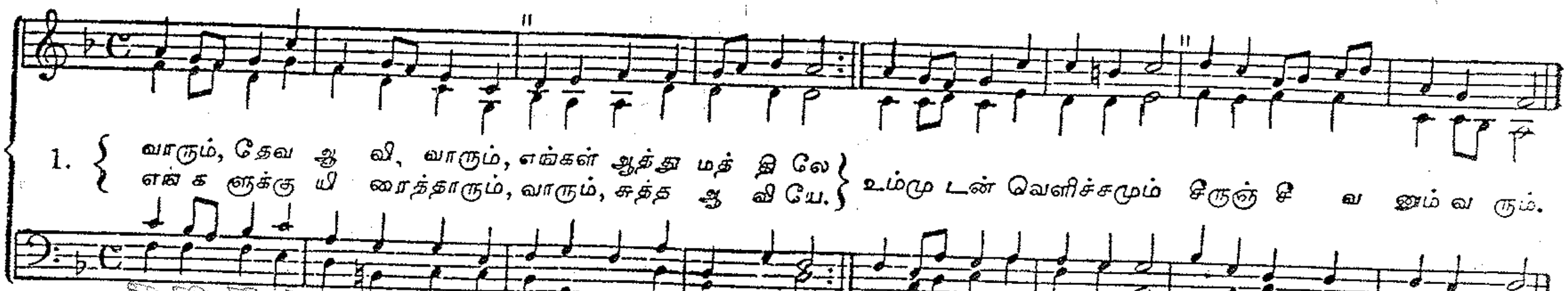
4. அடியார் உமது வார்த்தையால்
வெளிச்சம் பெற்று, அதினால்
பிதாவையும் சுதனையும்
அறியக்கட்டளையிடும். மு.

5. நெருக்கமான வழியில் நீர்
சன்மார்க்கரை அழைக்கிறீர்;
உம்மாலே அதில் நாங்களும்
நடக்கவும் இருக்கவும். மு.

6. எல்லா இக்கட்டிலும் சாவிலு[ம்]
நீர் எங்களில் தரித்திரும்;
எப்போதும் தேவரீருக்கு
கனம் வரக்கடவது. மு.
Abr. Hinkelmann † 1695.

19. Komm, o komm, du Geist

ரோமர் 8:15



2. எங்கள் நெஞ்சிலே நற்புத்தி
தேவ பயமும் வர,
அதை நீர் குணப்படுத்தி,
தப்புநினைவாகிய
யாவையும் அதில் நீரே
நீக்கும், தேவ ஆவியே.

3. மோட்சத்தின் வழியைக் காட்[டி,]
சகல தடையையும்
நீக்கி, எங்களைக் காப்பாற்றி,
நல்லோராக்கியருளும்.
கால் இடறிப்போகாதபடி
நிக்கந் தாரும் மனதில்.

Fabricius

ஞானப்பாட்டு 84

4. நாங்கள் தேவ மைந்தரென்று
நீரே நீங்கு நாளிலும்
சாட்சி தந்ததினால் வென்று,
நெஞ்சைத் தேற்றியருளும்.
தேவ அன்பின் தண்டிப்பு
எங்களுக்கு நல்லது.

5. எங்களைப் பிதாவிடத்தில்
முழுப் பத்தியோடேயும்
சேரப்பண்ணி, ஆத்துமத்தில்
நீரும் கூப்பிட்டேயிரும்;
அப்போ கேட்டது வரும்,
நம்பிக்கையும் பெருகும்.

6. மனசெங்களில் கலங்கி,
சுவாமி, எந்தமட்டுக்கும்
என்று நெஞ்சம்போதிரங்கி,
அதை ஆற்றிக்கொண்டிரும்.
நிற்கவும் தரிக்கவும்
நீர் சகாயராயிரும்.

7. ஆ, நிலைவரத்துக்கான
சத்துவத்தின் ஆவியே,
பேயின் சூதுக்கெதிரான
ஆயுதங்களை நீரே
தந்து, நாங்கள் நித்தமும்
வெல்லக் கட்டளையிடும்.

8. விசுவாசத்தை அவிக்க
சத்துருக்கள் பார்க்கச்சே,
அதை நீர் அதிகரிக்க
பண்ணும், தேவ ஆவியே.
நாங்கள் பொய்யைப் பார்க்கி[லும்]
தேவவாக்கை நம்பவும்.

9. சாகுங்காலம் வந்தால், நாங்க[ள்]
நித்திய மகிழ்ச்சியாய்
வாழப்போற மோட்சவான்க[ள்]
என்றப்போ விசேஷமாய்
நிச்சயத்தை நெஞ்சிலே
தாரும், நல்ல ஆவியே.

Joachim Neander † 1680.

42. Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Luther 1529.



43. Eins ist not; ach Herr, dies eine.

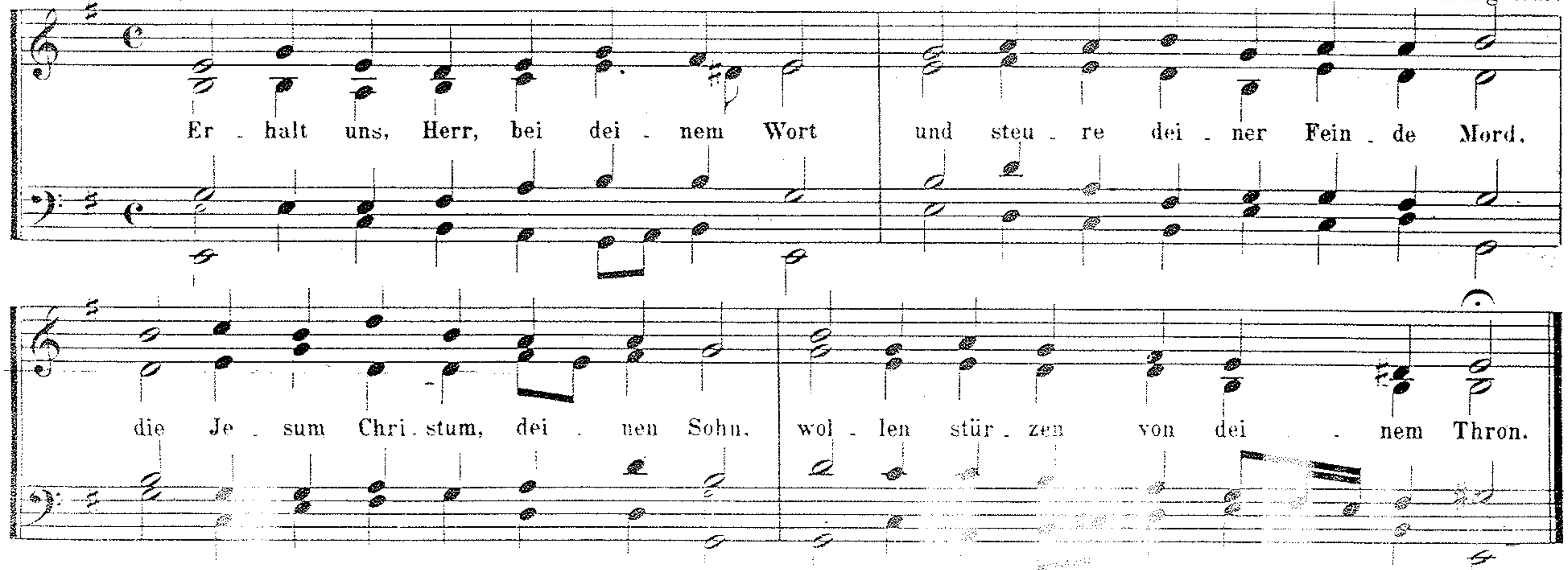
(Weltl. Adam Krieger. 1657.) Halle 1704.





44. Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

(Altkirchl.) Erfurt 1531. Wittenberg 1543.



Hymn 341. ELLACOMBE.—7 6 7 6.7 6 7 6. *Würtemburg Gesangbuch*, 1784.



"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

f COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To JESUS, LORD and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
p And sing, ye gentle maidens,
cr Your sweet responsive lay.

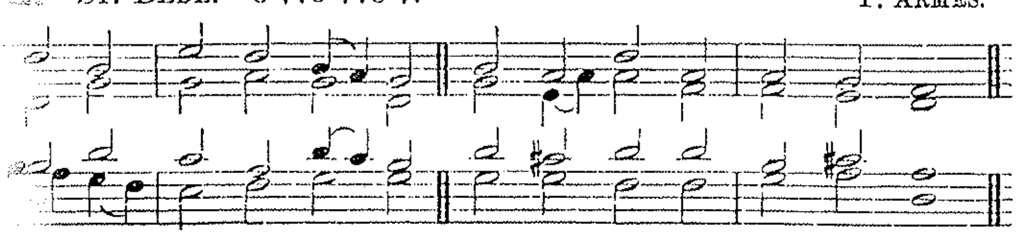
mf 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For JESUS is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
[illegible], and boy, and maiden
[illegible] Redeemer Blest.

O boys, be strong in JESUS,
To toil for Him is gain,
And JESUS wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for JESUS,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

f Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
p O CHRIST, prepare Thy children
cr With that triumphant throng
f To pass the burnish'd portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

J. J. DANIELL.

2. ST. BEDE.—8 7.8 7.8 7. P. ARMES.



General Hymns.

Hymn 219. CRÜGER.—7 6 7 6. 7 6 7 6. J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 604.

"All the earth shall be filled with His Majesty."

f HAIL to the LORD'S Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
p Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

mf Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

f O'er every foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
p His changeless Name of love.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1821.

155. Unser Herrscher unser König.

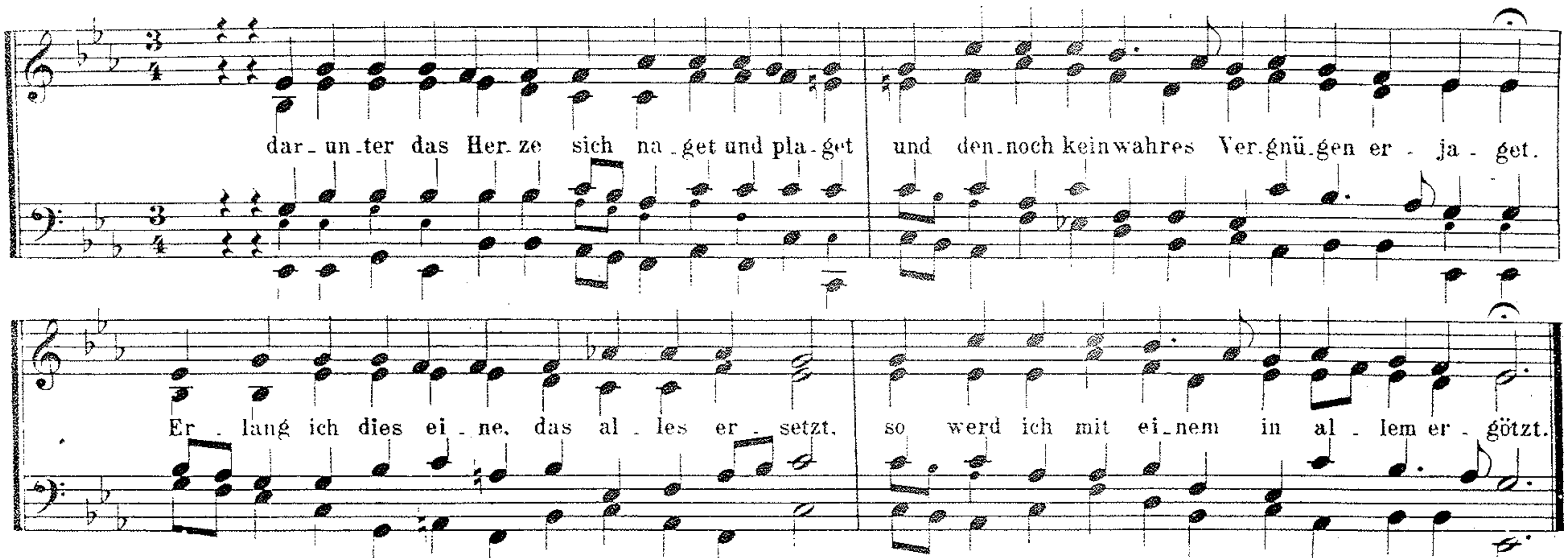
Joach. Neander? 1680.



156. Valet will ich dir geben.

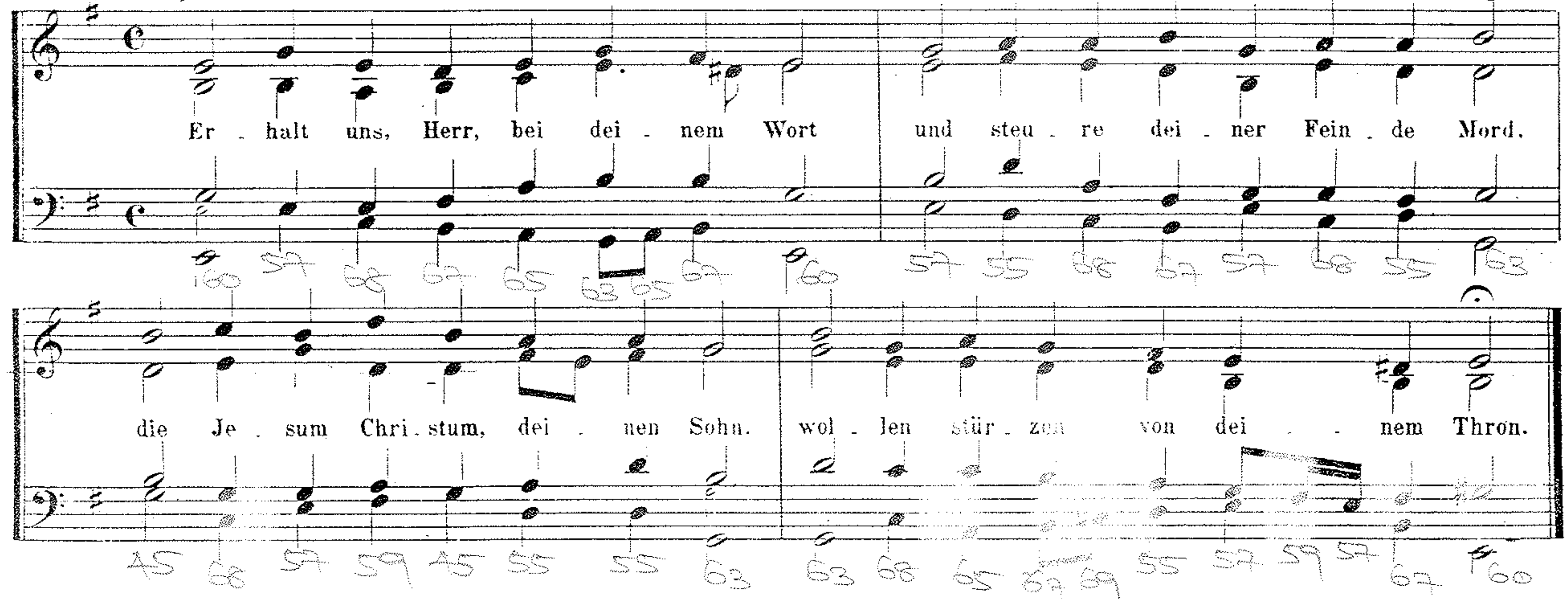
Melch. Teschner. 1613.





44. Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

(Altkirchl.) Erfurt 1531. Wittenberg 1543.



139. O Herre Gott, dein göttlich Wort.

Erfurt 1527.



140. O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. *(Urspr: Herr Jesu Christ, wahr Mensch u. Gott)*

J. Eccard 1597.
Umbildg. Leipzig 1625.



126. Nun danket all und bringet Ehr.

J. Crüger. 1653.



127. Nun freut euch, lieben Christen.

Wittenberg 1523.



Blest through endless ages
  Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
  Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
  Pleaded to the skies ;
cr But the Blood of JESUS
  For our pardon cries.

p Oft as it is sprinkled
  On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
  Terror-struck departs ;

Oft as earth exulting
  Wafts its praise on high,
cr Angel-hosts rejoicing
  Make their glad reply.

f Lift ye then your voices ;
cr Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
  Praise the (*dim*) precious Blood.

E. CASWALL : from the Italian.

Hymn 108. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M. E. MILLER, 1735-1807.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **371.**

" What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
  On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

p See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
f Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

mf To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
p By bitter grief and anguish sore,
f Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

I. WATTS (1707) and Compilers.

Hymn 109. BATTY.—8 7 8 7. Christen-schatz (Basle, 1745).



" Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
  Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
  From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
  Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
  Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

p Truly blessèd is the station,
  Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see Divine compassion
  Beaming in His languid Eye.

mf LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
  Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
  And Thine unveil'd glory see.

J. ALLEN and HON. W. SHIRLEY.

147. Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.

(Handschr. Herrnhut 1738) Basel 1745.



148. Ruhet wohl, ihr Totenbeine.

Chr. Störl. 1711.



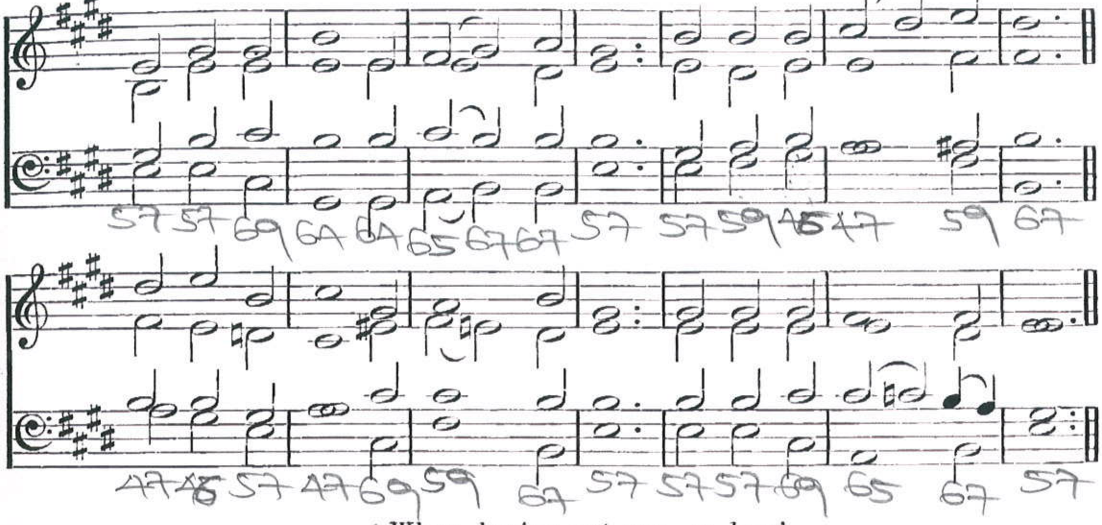
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199

WALDRONS. C. E. MILLER.



'Whom having not seen, ye love.'

14/5/2020

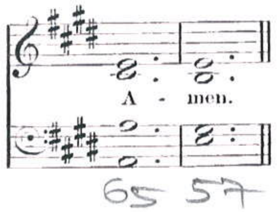
m JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
c I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

p 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
c The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.



TH-346- [illegible]

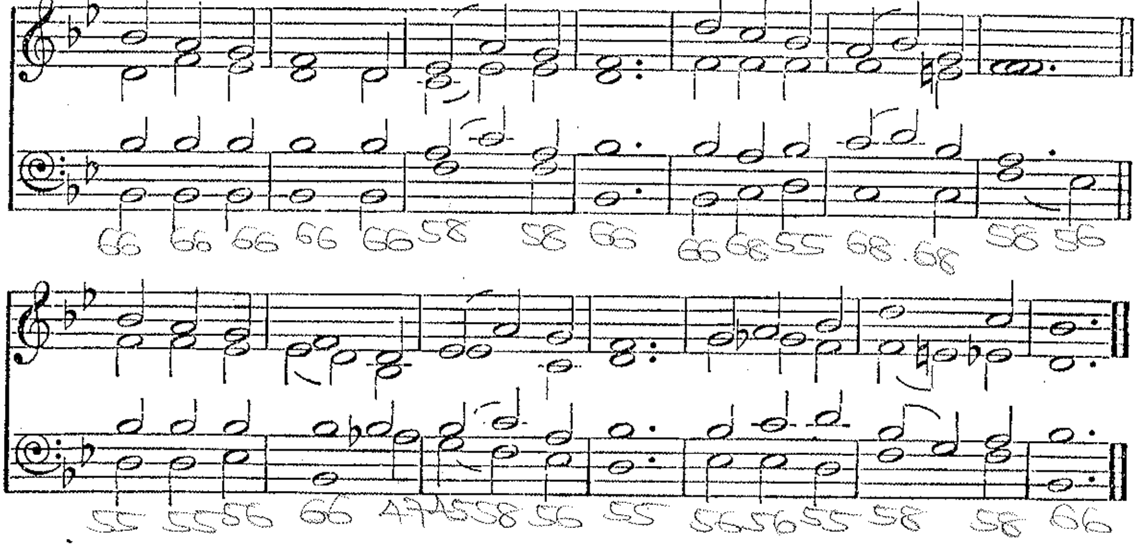
8 · Additional Tunes

LYNGHAM. C.M. T. JARMAN, 1776-1861.



9 Bb Eb TH-346

SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH, 1837-1901.



15/5/2020

Epiphany.

Hymn 78. TALLIS.—C.M. T. TALLIS, 1567.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 72.

"And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

mf THE Heav'nly Child in stature grows,
p And, growing, learns to die;
And still His early training shows
His coming agony.

mf The SON of GOD His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He, Who made the heavens, abides
p In dwelling-place obscure.

mf Those mighty Hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
p An humble trade pursues.

mf He, Whom the choirs of Angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
p In deep humility.

mf For this Thy lowliness reveal'd,
JESU, we Thee adore,
f And praise to GOD the FATHER yield
And SPIRIT evermore.

J. CHANDLER and Compilers: from the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil.

Hymn 79. DIX.—7 7. 7 7. 7 7. C. KOCHER.



"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

f AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious LORD, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

mf As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom Heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee our heavenly King.

p Holy JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
mf Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f In the Heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
ff There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

W. C. DIX

Hymn 7. Ratisbon.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

Werner, *Choralbuch*, 1815.



"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

f CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
  CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

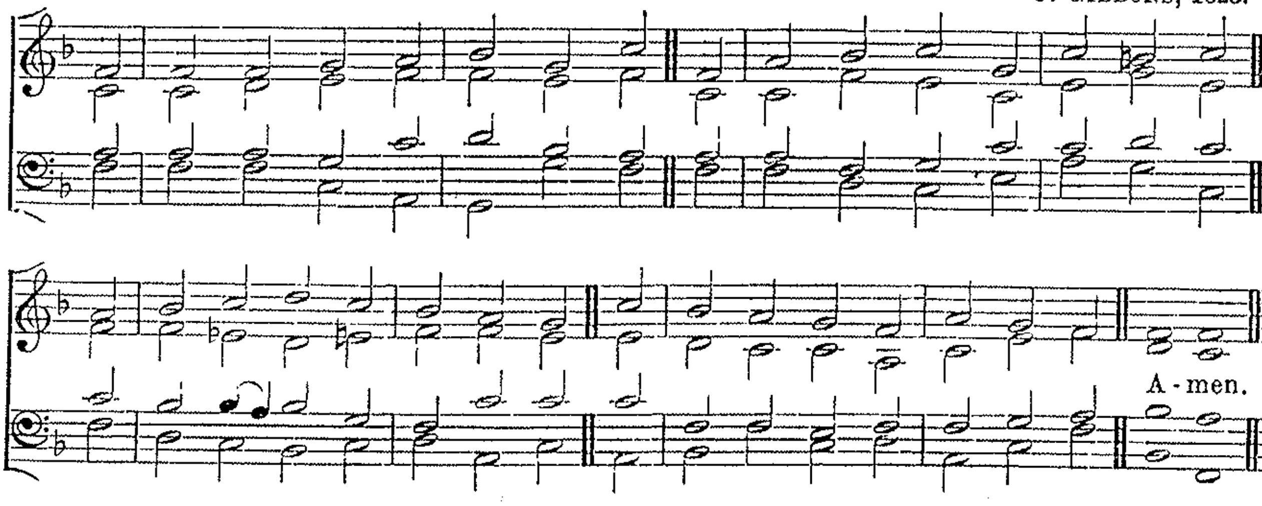
p Dark and cheerless is the morn
  Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf Visit then this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740.

Hymn 8. Angels.—L.M.

O. Gibbons, 1623.



"I have set God always before me; for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

mf FORTH in Thy Name, O LORD, I go,
  My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect Will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

p Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
cr And hasten to Thy glorious day;

mf For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heav'n.

C. Wesley, 1749.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 723.

See also Hymn 474. Awaked from sleep we fall.

Hymn 12. Strength and Stay.—11 10 11 10. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



"The Lord was my stay."

mf O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

p Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
cr With dawning glories of the eternal day.

mf Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort: from St. Ambrose.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 494 (Third Tune).

Hymn 13. St. Peter.—C.M. (*First Tune.*) A. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



***A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn* 596.**

No. 621. (S.S. 122) I Gave My Life for thee.

"I lay down My life for the sheep."—JOHN x. 11.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, arr. (BACA. 6.6.6.6.6.6.) CANON HAVERGAL.



3. "My Father's home of light,
   My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
   For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4. "I suffered much for thee—
   More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony—
   To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?

5. "And I have brought to thee,
   Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
   My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

6. Oh, let thy life be given,
   Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
   And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call.

No. 622. (S.S. 749) Thy Life was given for me.

(*To be sung to above Tune.*)

1. THY life was given for me!
   Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
   And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

2. Long years were spent for me
   In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
   Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3. Thy Father's home of light,
   Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
   For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4. Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
   More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony.
   To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me:
What have I borne for Thee?

5. And Thou hast brought to me,
   Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
   Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

6. Oh, let my life be given,
   My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
   And joy with suffering blent:
To Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King!

Frances R. Havergal.

Hymn 259. Thy Life was given for me.—6 6 6 6.6 6.

Sir G. A. Macfarren.



"What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?"

p THY Life was given for me,
 Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed,
cr That I might ransom'd be,
 And quicken'd from the dead;
p Thy Life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,
cr That through eternity
 Thy glory I might know;
p Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

mf Thy Father's Home of light,
 Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
dim Were left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone;
p Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
 More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff'redst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

mf And Thou hast brought to me
 Down from Thy Home above
cr Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love;
mf Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
p What have I brought to Thee?

mf O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent;
cr Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me

241

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1855

REDHEAD NO. 76: 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.
Richard Redhead, 1853



103 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

TOPLADY. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1740-1778, alt. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet- ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,





Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,





Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A-MEN.



104 'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1794-1849 WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868



1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, Em- man-uel wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



No. 277. (S.S. 694) "Till He Come."

"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

Rt. Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D.D. (Wells. Six 7s.) D. Bortnianski.



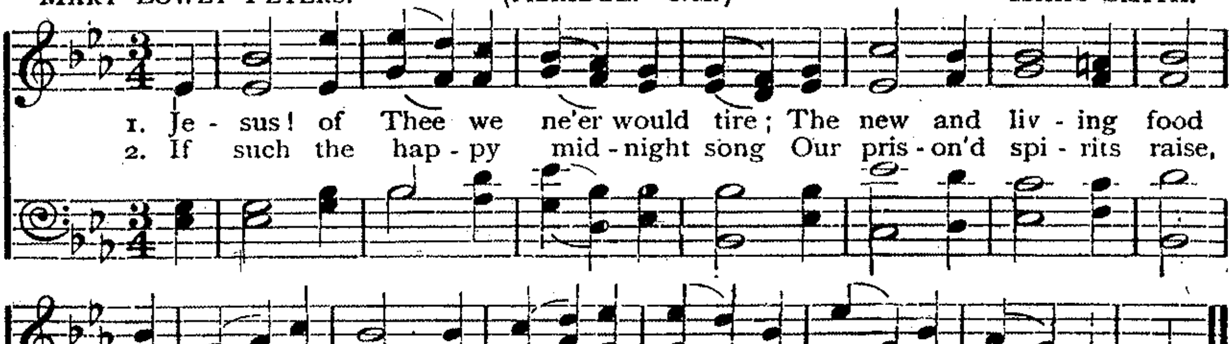
3. Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss—
Death, and darkness, and the tomb—
Only whisper, "*Till He come!*"

4. See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread—
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

No. 278. Jesus! of Thee.

"We . . . are changed into the same image . . . by the Spirit."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Mary Bowly Peters. (Abridge. C.M.) Isaac Smith.



3. To look within and see no stain,
Abroad no curse to trace;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
But see Thee face to face.

4. To find each hope of glory gained,
Fulfilled each precious word;
And fully all to have attained
The image of our Lord.

No. 237. (S.S. 697) Rock of Ages!

(*1st Tune.*) "The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. xxvi. 4 (*marg.*).

A. M. Toplady. (Redhead, 76. Six 7s.) R. Redhead, by per.



3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling!
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 237. (S.S. 61) Rock of Ages!

(*2nd Tune.*) Dr. T. Hastings.

